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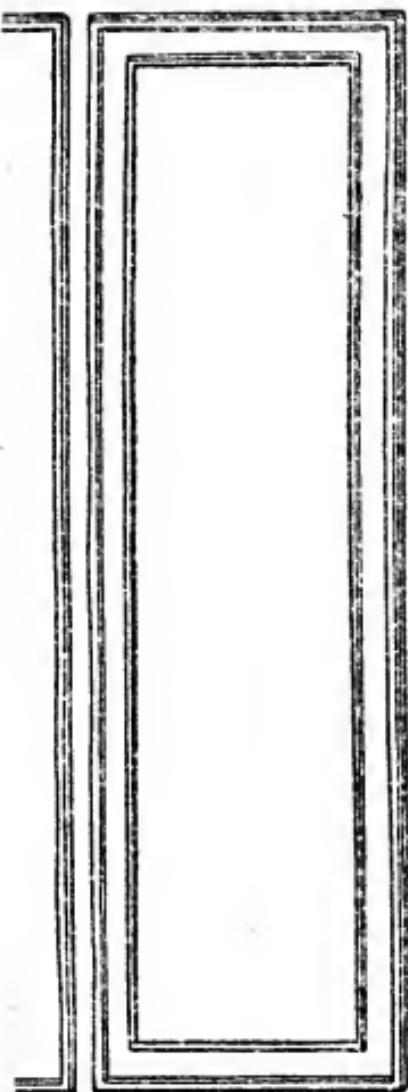
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POETRY

OF



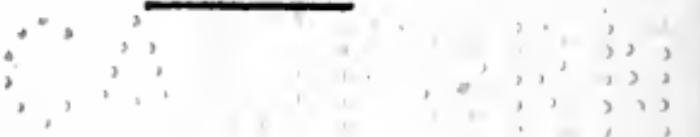
THE HEART



POETRY OF THE HEART

BY

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.



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TO ZELIA, HER FATHER DEDICATES THIS BOOK.

M191920

This volume contains several of my published pieces, written during the last twenty-five years; and a few that have not appeared in any collection of my poems.

W. B. T.

POETRY OF THE HEART.

THEY LIE BEYOND.

'The milk and the honey lie beyond this wilderness world.' — *Nettleton.*

Look round thee! Is it bubble Fame,
Or, to thy grosser shame,
Is yellow Gold thy one desire?
For Pleasure is thy soul afire?
Earth cheats thy expectation fond;
Thy treasures lie beyond:
Those riches glut Love's wondrous mine;
In chrysolites they flash and shine;
Haste, beggar! make them thine.
Then, if Religion's pilgrim-child,
Thou journeyest through a desert, wild,
Thou hast possessions lodged afar
Above the lean and stormy sky,
In worlds ne'er scanned by mortal eye,
Where ends the flight of sun and star.
Thou mayst believe, but canst not know,—
Poor captive, led by sin below,—
How vast his joy who gains that gold,

Or, losing, how intense the woe !
Faith, only, may the prize unfold ;
In vision free 't is only seen ;
And many a weary step 's between ;
And sickness, sorrow, toiling years,
And sore temptations, sighs, and tears,
And pains, and failing breath,
And the last tyrant, Death ; —
They lie beyond !

Look round thee ! See the sordid slaves,
That creep to unremembered graves ;
That eat and sleep, and buy and sell —
To enrich a foolish heir.
To them is Time but blank despair,
Eternity a hell.
What is their treasure ? Wealth, that God
Makes and unmakes, — a gilded toy,
That in his hand becomes a rod,
With which the triflers to destroy.
Where lie their treasures ? Ask the Deepes,
That suck them by whole cargoes down ;
Ask Fire, that travels through the heaps,
And in one night licks up a town.
Wouldst be like them, to vegetate,
A creeping thing, a moneyed clod,
And never rise, to know how great
May be a MAN, the work of God ?
Wouldst be like *them* ! O, rather sleep
On dunghills, and thy bitter crust

Beg of the cruel; ay, and weep
For very anguish, till the dust .
Shall hide thee. If recorded 'Just,'
When all is past,
And thou at last
Hast crossed in peace the cold, cold river,
All expectation fond
Exceeding — thine the wealth forever,
That lies beyond !

PITY THE BLIND.

Pity the Blind! — how sad his lot
Whose all of life 's a wasting dream;
To whom the pleasant earth 's a blot,
To whom the skies a mockery seem!
Whose eye in gladness never met
In infancy a mother's eye;
Nor mother's smile, that none forget;
Nor mother's tear, when ills were nigh!

Pity the Blind! — who, not without
Some vision of a world of bliss,
Is in his secret grief shut out
From all the kindly joys of this.
Who ne'er above may trace the hand
That curtained out that starry hall;
Nor mark below, on sea and land,
The skill that formed and fosters all.

Joy to the Blind! — for unto him
Has knowledge her pure ray revealed;
And intellect, that long lay dim,
To life and light is now unsealed.
And cheerfully his gladdened eye
Looks o'er the broad expanse afar;
The uncertain hope that vexed his sky
Has trembled out a lovely star.

Joy to the Blind! — the favored Blind!
Who revels in discovered store,
And gazes, with the eyes of mind,
On beauty dinily known before.
O Thou, that once didst chase the night
From the blind men that cried to thee,
Here art thou loftiest in thy might,
For mind and soul are made to see!

DIRGE.

Again let day thy depths illume,
While kindly hands the corse prepare
To lodge in thy embrace, O Tomb!
For long and silent slumber there; —

To find repose in manhood's morn,
The path of life but briefly trod, —
How few his toils who rests at dawn!
How blest, who early flies to God!

'T is done — and where the parents sleep,
And where the children's ashes lie,
We bear it; thou the treasure keep,
Till Time and weary Nature die.

And many a wintry storm will beat,
And summer breeze will softly blow,
And spring return with lingering feet,
And autumn come with golden show;

And he will sleep, unheeding all —
How calm that sleep! how soft that bed! —
Till wakened by the trumpet-call
That summons home the righteous dead.

THE PURITAN CITY.

Behold, where all serene
Her triple throne she fills,
OUR CITY! like a splendid queen
Upon her native hills.

On these wild woodlands cast,
In sight of savage foe,
Men laid her strong foundations fast,
Two hundred years ago.

In storms they hewed the stone,
In drought they felled the tree ;
The power was theirs to slaves unknown, —
They were the Mighty Free.

They toiled, and prayed, and wept,
As faith may pray and weep,
That what the fathers wisely kept,
The sons might wisely keep.

They died — their faith, their fame,
True witnesses will show ;
They left this record of their name
Two hundred years ago ; —

Which, crowned in beauty, fair,
Of domes and masts and spires,
To children's children shall declare
The glory of the sires.

Thou heardst their one request;
Us, Lord, with grace endue.
That we, on whom their honors rest,
May own their virtues too !

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER!

Mercies, my God, like waters,
With me their course begun ;
And, widening, deepening, sparkling,
To this hour's point have run.
Mercies, when strongly clinging,
In weakness, to the breast ; —
Mercies, in youth's hot fever,
And manhood's sober rest.

The stream is still unfailing ;
Its voice is low and sweet ;
I deem its richest music
Is where home's treasures meet.
And in *her* smile that soothes me,
And in my children's shout,
I see and hear but mercies
That compass me about.

Yet, more than all, discerning
The Source from which they spring,
I, once that source forgetting,
Can now its bounty sing.
I praise thee for the mercies
That round me freely flow,
But praise thee most, my Saviour !
That I their Author know.

And shall I, when is ended
This brief probation's day,
Be endless gifts receiving,
That never waste away?
How may thy lowly creature
Endure the 'weight' to bear,
'Exceeding and eternal,
Of glory,' given there!

FOR THE WIDOW AND FATHERLESS.

Who clings not in the waves of death
To Mercy's promise, floating by—
Nor breathes it in the latest breath,
Nor sighs it in the latest sigh:
'Leave, leave thy fatherless with me!
I will the Orphan's Helper be!
And when the husband sinks in dust,
Look, widow, to the Widow's Trust!'

These words, like spices, have embalmed
Decaying faith, and made it strong;
Like starry eyes, their light has calmed
Despair, and tumult turned to song.
And when the angel swept his wing
Of death, the stricken heart could bring
Its holy hope and humble prayer
To God, and leave the treasures there!

'T is His to promise, — ours, through Him,
The sacred promise to perform,
When life's horizon waxes dim,
To come, as rainbows on the storm.
This night shall Want the record bless
That Mercy wrote: ' Ye fatherless,
My stewards shall your helpers be,
And widows', who have trust in me ! '

And deem not Love too often calls
On you to draw Affliction's darts;
The poor's appeal most kindly falls,
Like dew, to moisten human hearts!
And since the hour the Saviour's head
No shelter knew — the God his bread
Lacked in Judea — it is true,
' The poor ye always have with you.'

AMANDA.

My pretty one! thou hast about my heart
Twined thyself, closely, with thy little ways.
And much that heart doth love thee, whose brief
days
But fourteen months comprise. My daughter! part
Of every thought — my care, my joy, thou art.
As oft times I upon thy future look,
Desiring to spell out thy destiny

Written by heaven in its sealed book,
What hopes, what dreams, what wishes come
to me !
What smiles ! what tears ! The Shepherd — that
once took
Unto his bosom nurslings, like to thee,
And kindly blessed them — in life's pathway wild,
Lead thee by quiet waters, and, with crook
And friendly staff, comfort and keep my child.

TO A DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

Weep not, morden, that thou never
Canst thy ardent love express ;
Weep not fate from thee doth sever
All that would affection bless.

Wouldst thou lighten this thy sorrow ?
'T is the sigh thy breast will free —
Wouldst thou soothing accents borrow ?
Tears we freely give to thee.

Though like some surpassing flower,
That the morning saw displayed,
Rudely pressed by evening's shower,
Every beauty seems to fade ;

Yet the orb of glory risen,
Bids the floweret droop no more :
Thus the cheering dawn of heaven
All thy graces shall restore.

MY GRAVE.

"Lay her i' the earth." — *Hamlet*.

When I am dead, O bear me not
To rest within the hollow tomb ;
But rather to some peaceful spot,
Where earliest flowers of summer bloom :
And not in yonder crowded cell,
My flesh with broken coffins lay, —
Where shadows of oblivion dwell,
And sullen silence wraps the clay.

I would not that my wasted dust,
Years hence, unfeeling eyes should scan,
To mark the ravages that must
Bring down the form and pride of man.
Nor would I that some busy friend,
With curious eye, should in me trace
The meanings that Decay doth lend,
So fearful, to the altered face.

I know that to the wearied bones
It matters nothing where they lie ;
Whether beneath the vaulted stones,
Or grass that bends to Evening's sigh :
Or whether round them drips the wall,
In greenness and sepulchral damp, —
The thoughts of these are idle all,
When blotted out is Being's lamp ; —

When blotted out are we from earth, —
The chasm made, so soon filled up ;
When others sit around our hearth,
And drink of our relinquished cup ;
When cold and senseless sleep we on,
Though nations totter to their fall ;
And calmly rest while worlds are won,
Unheeding strife, — forgot by all.

It matters nothing, — yet it seems
Unpleasant fellowship, to be
Shut up with things, that in their dreams
Of terror, men may only see :
The livid company, that sleep
Within that chamber of the dead !
The solemn tenantry, that keep
Their mansion, to corruption wed !

Away ! away ! I would not shun
The welcome summons to the grave ;
If faith be kept and warfare done,
Not sweeter freedom to the slave,
Than death to me ; — yet I would fain
Lie down in some secluded dell,
There, till by trumpet called again,
On mother Earth to slumber well.

THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

Go ! rear the dome whose portals, high,
Gladly receive the child of sorrow ;
Go ! wipe the tear from Misery's eye,
And cheer the sad with hope of morrow.

Affliction's wave thy bark may whelm,
And tempests shroud thy sun of pleasure ;
Then let Compassion sit at helm,
And be sweet Charity thy treasure.

Hear'st thou that mother ask employ ?
She strives to check the tear that 's stealing ;
Her miseries are forgot — the boy
She fondles, stirs the fount of feeling.

Yon timorous girl implores relief —
Obtained — *O, this shall soothe your sadness,*
Dear, helpless parents ! banish grief,
Your child will turn that grief to gladness !

I covet not the frozen heart,
Whose pulse to love is never beating —
That bids the honest poor depart !
That gives not misery gentle greeting.

QUESTIONS.

Would'st thou thyself search out, and know
If self 's thy enemy or friend ?
Look to thy thoughts, from their first flow
To where the mighty currents end ;
And thou thyself shalt surely know.

To what is perfect, good, and true,
Dost thou most easily incline ?
These doth thy constant thought pursue,
In earnest wish to make them thine ?
Then art thou perfect, good, and true.

To what is sensual, low, and base,
Goes out thy wanton thought at will ?
And hath corruption's image place
To nestle in thy bosom still ?
Then art thou sensual, low, and base.

God to thy nature gave decree, —
Of awful fear or hope the sum, —
What mind beholds continually,
Shall yielding mind at length become ! —
Is glory, then, or shame for thee ?

HYMN.

God, our infant congregation
Lesson doth severely teach ;
On its few and faithful numbers,
Making, thus, a sudden breach.
He, with sorrow's bitter waters,
To the brim has filled the cup :
And compelled a weeping household
In our midst to drink it up.

Table of the Lord ! that lately
Saw her Calvary's Lamb adore —
Sunday School ! in which she kindly
Taught from her abundant store —
Place of prayer ! where she has tasted
Purer joys than tongue may tell —
She, to each and all, forever,
In her silence speaks farewell !

' Even so, our rightful Sovereign ! '
From our deep abasement, we
Upward to thy sceptre looking,
Only can reply to Thee.
Even so, our gracious Father !
Faith, reposing on thy throne,
Calmly answers : as Thou choosest,
Deal, in mercy, with thine own.

Yet our prayer receive, as opens
Earth, to take its sacred trust;
Ere the last cold kiss we gather
From the lip on which is dust —
That this infant congregation,
And this household, stricken so,
May the blessing of bereavement,
Sanctified, forever know.

* THE GREEKS HAVE RETIRED FROM US.*

We leave him to his fatal choice; —
The work is great, probation wears —
We now withdraw the living voice,
Our influence, labors, hopes, and cares.

We leave him to his dreadful loss;
Forever? — let the Spirit speak,
Who lifts the veil, and at the Cross
Reveals at last the vanquished Greek.

We leave him, but the printed book,
By millions furnished to his need —
The mind, that has begun to look
Above its fellow, is the seed

We 've buried, broadcast, in that soil ; —
Our faith discerns it taking root ;
And when we sleep in death, the toil
Shall yield its thousand fold of fruit.

Our children will behold those gems
Of ocean — Samos, Syra, Crete —
All glittering in the diadems
The Church shall cast at Jesus' feet.

And Thessaly's hosanna-song
Will answered be, from where are seen
Dark-eyed Armenian converts throng
The capital of Constantine.

For never dies a work of love !
Though reckoned with our perished things :
Detained by prayer, the Holy Dove
Still spreadeth o'er it silver wings.

APOSTROPHE TO THE BRIG TONTINE;
BOUND FOR GREECE, FROM PHILADELPHIA, WITH
PROVISIONS FOR THE SUFFERING GREEKS:

March 23, 1827.

Sail on ! and cheer men that have waited
In sadness, trodden down, yet free ;
Sail on ! for bark more nobly freighted
Ploughed never the dark-heaving sea.

Smooth be the storm-swept deep before thee ;
And may that God whom winds obey,
While rainbow skies are laughing o'er thee —
Speedily bring thee on thy way !

And, as thy track thou 'rt proudly cleaving,
On Mercy's errand o'er the main,
Millions, upon the shores thou 'rt leaving,
Prefer the prayer — 't is not in vain —

For Greece — her truly Spartan daughters,
Blessings on these, her sons and sires ;
For Stamboul — guilty seat of slaughters,
Just retribution's chastening fires !

THE INCENDIARY.

His brow is stern and his cheek is cold,
In his scowl is fierce despair;
His visage is sunk, his eye is bold,
The deed of darkness is there.

For him affection nurtures no charm,
No tear has the ruffian shed;
Kind mercy to him can whisper no balm,
His bosom is seared and dead.

For him no dream of innocence rose,
No rapture can memory impart;
The genial tide of compassion is froze,
Revenge has withered his heart.

The bliss of a home he ne'er can feel,
Its sweets his curses would blight;
He grasps the brand and the thirsty steel,
Desolation and death his delight.

In the cavern of crime his haunt is known;
There the furies of blasphemy dwell:
At midnight the torch of destruction is blown,
And he writhes with the laugh of hell.

O COME FROM A WORLD.

O come from a world where sorrow and gloom
Chastise the allurements of joy ;
A pathway bedimmed, with no rays to illume,
Save the meteor that shines to destroy.
Where the thoughtless have revelled when mirth
had no charm,
Where the wounded have wept, but still needed
the balm.

O come from a world where the landscape is chill,
Or deceitfully blossoming fair,
The garden gives promise of bright flowers, still
The nightshade luxuriates there.
That sky now serene, blushing lovely and clear,
O heed not its beauty, the storm-cloud is near.

O come from a world where the cup of delight
Now sparkles and foams at the brim ;
For the laurels that wreath it reflection shall
blight,
Its lustre, repentance shall dim.
The lips that in madness have pledged thee the
bowl,
Shall blanch with confusion when fear rives the
soul.

O come from a world where they that beguile
Will lead thee to peril and fears ;
For the heart that confiding has welcomed its smile,
Has found it the prelude to tears.
Come, then, there's a path by the reckless untrod,
O come, weary wanderer ! it leads thee to God.

THE loss of the breath from a beloved object, long suffering in pain and certainly to die, is not so great a privation as the last loss of her beautiful remains, if they continue so. The victory of the grave is sharper than the sting of death. — *Moore's Life of Sheridan.*

O, let her linger yet awhile
With me — that lovely clay —
Those features where death seems to smile —
O, let her longer stay.

Let me again adorn her hair
With flowers she loved so well ;
Again that bosom seek, and there
My every grief dispel.

She'll not reprove, though love detains
Her here awhile, for she
Was dear, and dear are her remains ;
O, let her stay with me.

I'll sit beside her, and I'll deem
I do but watch her sleep ;
She looks so heavenly in that dream,
I cannot choose but weep.

It may not be — that altered brow
Tells of corruption's hour ;
It may not, must not be ! and now
O Death, I feel thy power.

To thee my wedded love I gave,
In silent sorrowing ;
Yet is the victory of the grave,
Severer than thy sting.

I dreamed of loveliness. The gay romance
Of vagrant fancy, in fair vision came. —
Hope waved her wings, and Expectation, big
With promise, hovered. On a river's brink
Methought I stood, whose tranquil waters slept
Beneath the sunbeam. Mighty vessels rode
Upon the curling billow. The tall bark,
Her streamers floating on the breeze, urged on,
With Laughter at the helm, and one
Built by the hand of Pleasure for her own,
Sped foremost of the train. A lovely skiff,
By fairy toil apportioned. Her light prow,

Gilded in beauty o'er the sparkling deep,
With speed that mocked the dolphin. Her white sail,
As now it caught the sun's reflected ray,
Coursing along the waters, to the eye,
Seemed like a fleecy cloud, with burnished skirts,
Descending from its height to kiss the wave.
Her freight was Childhood. Suddenly the sun
Withdrew his fires, and night usurped the day.
The tempest gathered, and rude, startling peals
Rolled o'er the firmament. With fitful scream,
The affrighted sea-bird fled its troubled nest,—
The deep rose up to heaven, the lurid glare
Of lightning flashed on death — I saw no more.
Again I looked, the bark had disappeared,
But ever and anon the surging tide
Disclosed the shattered rib, or broken spar,
Sole relics of her beauty. Men beheld,
And some with apathy — some mourned. I dreamed
Yet once again, and to my view was one
Who walked in youthful beauty, the desired
Of many hearts, object of tender love. —
O he was fair! his cheek had stolen the dye
Of May's first bud, — his eye spake the delight
Of artless boyhood. On his open brow
Sat the calm look of cheerfulness, and there
Truth had its seal. None knew him but to love:
Yes, he rejoiced in pure affection's ray,
That on his warm heart shone, reflecting thence
Its holy peace, its true tranquillity.
He looked abroad to heaven in conscious joy,

And saw his sun yet in its morning course.
The stern death-angel came, and he was not!
A heart-wrung father pressed his snowy lip,
A mother agonized upon her child,—
The grave received him; — I awoke and wept.

PRECIOUS DUST IS THAT!

‘Do you see the end of that coffin there?’ asked the sexton. ‘Precious dust is that.’ — *Pastoral Sketches*.

As looking down this silent vault,
 You seek the wasting dead,
Dost see, just by the narrow door
 Reclined, that coffin’s head?

And that is William’s humble couch,
 His quiet dwelling, where
He resteth from his pilgrimage;
 And precious dust is there.

And blessed is his memory,
 Though thundered not by fame;
‘Tis treasured in our Sunday School;
 The children lisp his name.

He had no garnered gold, yet he
In faith was rich indeed ;
Only to plant sufficed him not :
Prayer watered, too, the seed.

He had no learning. What could one
Thus poor and lowly do ?
Much, in that whitened field, whose gains
Are neither small nor few.

And there he toiled, and watched, and wept,
Believing from the root
Thus nurtured, would the Spirit bring
Immediate, living fruit.

And now he resteth. Pure in life,
How calm in death was he !
Like him, a bright and blessed one,
O, Jesus, may I be !

As I look down this sepulchre,
His coffin meets me first :
I moved it there, for pleasant 'tis
To me, to see his dust.

His friends oft cluster here. Of peace
What thoughts come over them,
While whispering of the casket, where
Is hid so rich a gem !

Not so. The gem, across whose ray
Death's shadow was not thrown —
So beautiful, God's hand hath set
With jewels of his own.

And in that day of beams, to which
All other days are dim,
Who would not, 'mid the shuddering flight
Of worlds, be found with him ?

LAY OUT THE DEAD.

Lay out the dead, and robe the clay,
The limbs composed, the eyelids sealed —
And all affection fain would pay
Of holy office, duly yield ;
Plant freshest flowers beside the bier,
And wet them with the earnest tear.

Then, kept from that dull, beckoning tomb,
One day, permit its guest to be ;
That day is Sunday ! and there's room
To look for grace on thine and thee.
O, hurry not the clay to clay !
Let it abide with thee to-day !

Anoint thine head and wash thy face,
And up from tears and doubt and dust! —
And where sweet bells proclaim the place,
Take all thy cares in Christian trust.*

Thy dead returns no more to thee!
Thy dead, restored, thy faith shall see!

Thy prayer will pierce the eternal dome
The sooner for thy true belief;
And thought of that untroubled home
Which holds no dead, will calm thy grief.
In answer to the sigh of sorrow
Shall strength be given for the morrow.

The morrow come — 'with dirges, due,
And sad array,' in funeral train,
Bear hence, and bury from thy view
The form thou shalt not see again,
Till, to the judgment, great and small
Are summoned, at the trumpet's call.

Thou 'st kept the precept! — who have kept
Its letter in belief and love,
Nor o'er its spirit idly slept,
Have treasure laid for them above, —
On which they draw, nor drain the store:
Such drafts increase it but the more.

* It is a custom (not to say superstition) in many places, for the whole family to abstain from public worship on the Sabbath, while the dead is in their dwelling.

TRIUMPHATE !

**FOR THE MISSIONARIES OF THE CROSS, WHO HAVE
LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES IN HEATHEN LANDS.**

We give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those, thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. — *Common Prayer*.

Thou givest them a seat,
With elders at thy feet,—
What can their bliss complete?
Eternity!

Before Thee, who cast down
Green palm and starry crown
With joy like these?
What is past peril now?
What is death's sharpness now?
Their martyr-hymn peals now
As sound of seas.

Shall plague and pagan spear,
The widow's, orphan's tear,
Our hearts appall? —

The prison, rod, and chain,
Day's toil, and nights of pain,
To that immortal train
 What are they all?

Who 's girded for the race ?
Who freely takes their place ?
 Tell us ! O, tell !
Who 'll labor, faint, and die ? —
Perish, to reign on high ? —
Speak ! — for these wait reply —
 Heaven, Earth, and Hell !

The church's chivalry
Cry, Saviour, here are we !
 Beneath thy wing
Folded, though weak, we 're strong —
Though slain, to us belong
Victories — to Thee the song
 We 'll give, Great King !

THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE IN THE DESERT.

In a foreign soil he sleeps,
And lowly is his bed :
No early wild-flower weeps
Where he pilloweth his head.

By strangers he was laid
Where the Siroc sweeps the mound ;
Where caravans invade
The solitude profound.

The grief of a tender brother,
That hillock ne'er has known ;
The tears of a yearning mother
Ne'er dropped upon that stone.

No marble tells his worth ;
No sculptured wreaths proclaim
That the messenger of truth
Has gained the martyr's name.

But the heart of affection true
Sighs o'er the sandy wave ;
And the wanderer's tears bedew
The Missionary's grave.

TO MY LITTLE SON, TWO MONTHS OLD.

They said that I should give to thee
The name thy elder brother wore, —
Thy absent brother, whom my knee
Hath dandled, whom I hold no more.
I cannot give thy brother's name
To thee, my little infant son !
In dust he sleepeth, yet the same
He seems as either precious one
Of those that still remain with me :
I cannot give his name to thee ;
The plaything on our parlor floor,
Who with us is no longer seen, —
O, no ! I call thee not EUGENE !

'T would seem to blot him from his place ; —
Though he to fill our bitter cup,
Hath died, I cannot thus efface
His memory. No ! I reckon up,
With these dear children, the loved others
Who slumber in their early grave,
As mine. I cite their several names —
The buried with their living brothers,
And sister, that my Maker gave,
And love as well the absent claims
As those around my fireside seen, —
O, no ! I call thee not EUGENE !

MAY.

Month of May ! I wonder why
Poets ever sang of thee ;
Thou art present here, yet I
Nought of May, the charmer, see.

All thy skies are clouded o'er ;
Either east winds coldly blow,
Or comes down the feathery store,
Lingering yet, of Winter's snow.

I have looked to see the bright
Sunsets of thy mellow day ;
But was glad, by anthracite
Sitting, to forget 't was May.

I went out upon thy First,
Balmy breezes to inhale,
But 't was raw as Christmas, just ;
Lips and cheeks were blue and pale.

Yesterday I strolled to make
Posies, as I used to do ;
But I got an ague shake,
And a spell of coughing too.

If cold weather, now thy mate,
Takes a hint, and will retire,
By July, I calculate,
We may do without a fire.

O COME, SMILING JUNE!

O come, smiling June !
In beauty arrayed ;
O come, and bring with thee,
Young Pleasure, fair maid ;
O come from thy mountain,
O come from thy bower,
Thou queen of the fountain,
The breeze, and the flower !

O come, smiling June !
Bid the meadows rejoice ;
With Health thy companion,
And Labor thy choice ;
Where lately in triumph
Stern winter was seen,
Pomona shall mantle
Her livery of green.

No more let the minstrel
Sing enraptured of May ;
Thy beauties, fair season,
Shall waken his lay ;
Thy morn is serener,
And brighter thy noon ;
Thy evening more lovely,
O come, smiling June !

THE BAR MAID.

I saw a lovely girl — it was at church —
Who knelt in her simplicity to God,
And gladly worshipped. As she lifted up
Her calm blue eyes in confidence to heaven,
And her sweet lips were parted in low prayer,
I thought that never had been seen on earth
Such likeness unto angels. Presently
She approached the supper of the Crucified,
With meekness and humility of step,
Revealing lowness of heart. And there,
As she partook the symbols of His death,
And trembling touched the blest memorials,
Her dark lids swam with tears of penitence,
And holy hope, and joy that passeth words.

Again I saw her — 't was the same — she stood
Beneath her father's roof.
It was a room unseemly to the sight —
Ranged round were cups and flasks, on which was
seen
The name of Alcohol. The place was filled
With vulgar men. The thoughtless youth was there,
Just learning his sad lesson. Aged heads,
Clustering and ripening for the grave, were there :
And there the filthy debauchee. Strange oaths
And laughter rude I heard. The jest obscene
Went round : and some were reeling in their drink.

And *she* — yes, *she*, that beauteous one, that sweet
Young blossom, stood amid the tainted crew,
As 't were a pure, bright spirit, suddenly
Brought in its skiey freshness to the damned.
She stood behind the bar; her lily hand
Poured out the nauseous draught, and mixed and
reached
The poison to those outcasts. With vile leer,
That withered up, methought, her virgin charms,
Those bad men gazed on her, and laughed and drank.
And still they drank, and still she filled the cup
And gave it them, and heard their brutal talk,
And songs of hell.

Her sire is counted one

Of the pillars of the church. He duly prays,
Gives alms, and deems himself a journeyer
To heaven. And he his daughter offers thus,
A daily holocaust, acceptable
Unto the Moloch RUM: and unrebuked,
For money renders up his guiltless child;
And she, obedient, thus is sacrificed.

SONG

OF THE THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DRUNKARDS
IN THE UNITED STATES.

We come ! we come ! with sad array,
And in procession long,
To join the army of the lost, —
Three hundred thousand strong.

Our banners, beckoning on to death,
Abroad, we have unrolled ;
And Famine, Care, and wan Despair
Are seen upon their fold.

Ye heard what music cheers us on, —
The mother's cry, that rang
So wildly, and the babe, that wailed
Above the trumpet's clang.

We 've taken spoil ; and blighted joys
And ruined homes are here ;
We 've trampled on the throbbing heart,
And flouted sorrow's tear.

We come ! we come ! — we 've searched the land,
The rich and poor are ours ;
Enlisted from the shrines of God,
From hovels and from towers.

And who or what shall balk the brave,
That swear to drink and die?
What boots to such man's muttered curse,
Or His that spans the sky?

Our Leader! — who of all the chiefs,
Warring for glory's lust, —
Can boast, like him, such deeds, such griefs,
Such wounds, such trophies, curst?

We come! Of the world's scourges, who
Like him have overthrown?
What woe had ever earth, like woe
To his stern prowess known?

Onward! though ever on our march,
Hang Misery's countless train;
Onward for hell — from rank to rank
Pass we the cup again!

We come! we come! to fill our graves,
On which shall shine no star;
To glut the worm that never dies, —
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

THE FLOWER.

A Hindu, after spending some years in seclusion, and in endeavoring to obtain the mastery over his passions, came to a mission station, where he thus accosted the missionary : 'I have a flower, a precious flower, to present as an offering ; but as yet I have found no one worthy to receive it.' Hearing of the love of Christ, he said, 'I will offer my flower to Christ, for he is worthy to receive it.' This flower was his heart. Jesus accepted it, and after a short time transplanted it, to bloom in the bower of Eden.

The Hindu said, 'I have a flower,
Of the morning's earliest bloom ;
A flower of grateful offering,
I'll give it — but to whom ?

I have looked on Beauty's glorious smile,
And thought to nestle it there ;
But while I gazed, her loveliness
Faded into thin air.

I have looked on Greatness ; but with him
My flower could ne'er abide ;
Within his cold and stately halls
The blossom would have died.

I stole a glance at Pleasure's seat,
And searched within its bower ;
But in its poisonous air dwells not
The gentle virgin flower.

Fearing the world, I give it thee,
O Christ, to bloom above;
Take thou and hide my timid flower
Within thy bosom's love !'

Not long for earth — upon its sweets
Heaven bent approving eyes,
And soon was seen this lovely germ
Blossoming in the skies.

WOMAN.

By Woman's words, to man so well seducing,
Came sin's accursed entrance and our woe;
She, the unhallowed science introducing,
Of good, forbidden, taught us ill to know.

By Woman's lips were first the accents spoken,
To cheer a world whose hope was in the grave;
That Jesus had the three-days' slumber broken,
And, rising, showed that He was strong to save.

She, from free Eden to the earth's dark prison,
Led Adam, by the flattery of her tongue;
She unto Peter told, 'The Lord is risen !'
In melody like that to sweet harps strung.

By Woman, then, tho' sometimes cometh sorrow,
And who of mortals is exempt from this? —
By Woman's love, besides the hope of morrow,
There 's full fruition of the present bliss.

She, in life's sunshine, will increase life's pleasure,
By social converse, and the charms of mind;
She, in affliction, will be found a treasure,
To soothe the heart and banish care, unkind.

She, in youth's journey, from the wayside flower
Will pluck the thorn, lest it should give thee pain;
In age still constant, and in death's last hour,
A helper when all other help is vain.

Go, then, ye heartless! to whom Woman never
Brings up pure images of peace and home,
And fireside joys, and faithful care, whenever
Pale sickness seizes, or afflictions come;

Go to that selfish love the cold world offers,
And find your solace, if indeed ye can;
For me, I 'll ever seek, despising scoffers,
Her virtuous smile — God's richest boon to man!

THY WANDERING BOY.

And has he all thy love forgot?
Thy early, anxious care —
Are thy gray hairs remembered not?
To prayer, then, sire! — to prayer!
For if thy boy has turned aside,
And chosen folly's way,
And for thy tears with scoffs replied,
What canst thou do but pray?

Is he a wanderer from thy dome,
On the world's tossing sea;
Where, dreaming not of heaven or home,
Thy son is lost to thee?
Still, as sad rumor to thy ear
Tells heavily, how frail thy stay,
To Him who bottles every tear,
Go, stricken man, and pray.

Perhaps, upon the bed of pain,
Away he lies, a victim now;
And seeks a father's hand in vain,
Whose touch might cool his burning brow;
While thinking of the holy joy
Thou knew'st, ere sin knew to betray,
For him, that lovely, ruined boy,
Do thou, in earnest, pray.

By the bright spring of childhood's love,
That in his countenance once shone ;
The eye, where meekness like a dove
Sat once — the brow, contentment's throne ;
The beauty that unto thy heart
Appeals with power of boyhood's day,
Go, aged father ! weep apart,
And, trembling — hoping — pray.

And if, for thee, there linger yet
The dregs of this world's bitterest cup,
The God thou serv'st will not forget
To give thee grace to drink it up.
Yet no ! not thus will prayer be lost,
Thou yet shalt bless that castaway,
And see for him, the folly-tost,
The penitent — 't was good to pray.

VERSES

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY
SCHOOL UNION.

Thou ! at the source
Of living streams, exhaustless, priceless, free —
To which a million minds have glad recourse,
Excuse my verse to thee.

Thy honored hand,
 In no ambiguous characters, that set
 Thy name to sheets* like this, in a far land
 I 've seen and loved ; — I love to see it yet.

The slender stroke,
 Revealing nerves by vice unshaken ; — thou
 Ne'er knewest such ; — to virtue's yoke
 Was ever sweetly bent thy temperate brow.

And I 've admired
 The slender curve, the manly swell ;
 An autograph to be desired ; —
 For these, the finished penman tell.

Lord of an art,
 Befitting him, who, on the busy 'Change,'
 Or at his 'compts,' enlightened head and heart
 Brings to his toil, in all its complex range.

And thus, for years,
 Thy manual 's met me, where I 've loved it best ;
 Attesting their benevolence, whose tears,
 And prayers, and alms are given for 'the West.'

Yet I have seen,
 As imperceptibly as die the flowers —
 A change come o'er thy venerable mien ;
 So fancy deems — that tells of waning powers.

* A Life-membership Certificate of the Society.

I cannot mark
The day, or year, when this began ;
When in the imperfect form, the unequal arc,
The faltering line, I traced the failing man.

I saw and said ;
‘ This is Time’s work ; — has *he* declined ?
Then up ! my heart, right soon, for HIM who
bled ;
Ere in their frosty fetters, Years *thee* bind.

‘ Ere tipstaff Death,
Who got his baton when our father fell —
Shall serve his warrant, seize thy forfeit breath,
And prison thee where nor device nor labors
dwell.

‘ For here and there
Start up the heralds of *thy* hastening age ;
And the true sentinel, the sad gray hair,
Calls thee to think anew, ere shuts the mortal
page.’

I saw and felt
‘ Tis time to ‘ cease from man ’ — each earthly
shrine
Has only mocked my spirit as she knelt ; —
I turn to altars heavenly and divine.

Enough to know,
 For thee, of patriarch days ! that kindly comes
 thy token ;
 And what if ' Music's daughters are brought low ?'
 And soon ' the silver cord is loosed, the golden
 bowl is broken ?'

What if the blast
 Of wintry years has visited thy frame ;
 And all who love thee, calling up thy past,
 To gaze upon thy present, feel thou 'rt not the same :

'T is not the Man
 Decays — the flesh its garniture is laying by,
 That so the spirit (waxing stronger) can
 Most easily ascend, when bld to fly.

Enough to know
 Thou 'rt changed in grace too ! for continual flight
 These years, to God, was thine ; — and from
 dark earth below,
 When taking wings, 't will be for His pure light.

IDOLS REJECTED.

She listened to the appeal
 For heathen, far away ;
 I saw the tear of pity fall,
 And heard the beauty say :

O, God ! these glittering toys,
 Unreal as they be,
Have, to my erring eyes, outshone
 The light that beams from Thee.

This chain of virgin gold,
 Gift of my mother's love,
Has linked unto the world below
 Thoughts due to worlds above.

This coronal of pearls
 That wantons on my brow,
I hate it ; for the pagan's tear
 Blots out its lustre now.

The sparkling diamond, more
 This bosom shall not wear ;
Its lustre only would reveal
 The folly hidden there.

Nor shall my heart refuse
 Earth's baubles to resign ;
Is not salvation's priceless pearl,
 The gem of heaven, mine ?

Thus, on the altar laid,
 This sacrifice shall burn
In purifying flame, from which
 No idol shall return.

THE BELL OF THE REVOLUTION.

On the old State House Bell, in Philadelphia, which was cast in that city, several years before the American Revolution, is the following prophetic inscription : ‘ Proclaim LIBERTY throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.’—*Leviticus 25:10*. The ringing of this bell gave the first intelligence of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

'T was fitting, that, throughout the land,
The anointed bell proclaim
The triumphs of a glorious band,
And their invaders' shame :
'T was fitting, that its merry peal
Should fling out silver tones,
That did, before, the WORD reveal
So terrible to thrones.

Talk not of *chance* ! the word that went
To Israel's tribes of yore,
Free as the winds of heaven, was sent
To this far western shore :
Our fathers spake it in distress —
A small and feeble flock —
They hymned it in the wilderness,
And wrote it on the rock.

Talk not of *chance* ! for well *he* knew —
The founder — that his art
Graved only here the impress true,
Already on the heart :

And well he deemed that LIBERTY
Should one day wake the sword, —
Around the hearths of all the Free,
It was a cherished word,

Known, not in vain imaginings,
To wake up idle strife ;
But treasured as a holy thing,
Dearer to heart than life.

Nor marvel ye, the voice thus pent
Within the conscious breast,
At times, through some unguarded vent,
Should rush forth unrepressed.

Interpreted, it truly told
Of high Oppression's knell ;
Of banners beckoning, garments rolled
In blood — that warning Bell !
Yea, also, that from martyr-graves
Columbia's living seed
Should spring — the scourge of sceptred slaves,
The bulwark of her need.

Talk not of *chance* ! Not only *here*,
Forth goes the unerring sound ; —
It stirs another hemisphere,
A world shall be unbound !
And children, rescued from the yoke,
Shall to their children tell
Of the immortal deed that woke
The Revolution's Bell.

MISSIONARIES.

Onward, ye men of prayer!
Scatter, in rich exuberance, the seed
Whose fruit is living bread, and all your need
Will God supply — his harvest ye shall share.

To him, child of the bow,
The wanderer by his native Oregon,
Tell of that Jesus, who, in dying, won
The peace-branch of the skies — salvation for his
foe.

The banner of the Lord
Lift up on other shores. The cross bid shine
O'er every lovely hill of Palestine ; —
The star of glory that shall never set !

Seek ye the far-off isle ;
The sullied jewel of the deep,
O'er whose remembered beauty angels weep, —
Restore its lustre, and to God give spoil.

Go, break the chain of caste ;
Go, quench the funeral pyre, and bid no more
The Indian river roll its waves of gore.
Look up, thou East ! thy dreadful night is past.

To heal the bruised, speed;
Go, pour on Africa the balm
Of Gilead, and, her agony to calm,
Whisper of fetters broken, and the spirit freed.

And thou, O Church, betake
Thyself to watching, labor — help these men.
God shall thee visit, of a surety, when
Thou 'rt faithful — Church that Jesus bought,
awake! awake!

TO THE CROSS.

Symbol of shame — mysterious sign
Of groans, and agonies, and blood,
Hail, pledge of love and peace divine
From God.

Symbol of hope to those that stray, —
The pilgrim's step is led to thee ;
Star of the soul, thou guid'st the way
To Calvary.

Symbol of tears — I look, and mourn
His woes, whose soul for mine was riven ;
Where wanderer, is thy due return
To heaven ?

Symbol of empire — thou shalt rise
And shine, where lands in darkness sit,
On Indian domes that greet the skies,
And minaret.

Symbol of glory — evermore
Pales at thy side the diadem ;
Shine, blessed Cross, while worlds adore
Immanuel's gem !

TO MY FATHER'S OLD BIBLE.

'It is the book of God. What if I should
Say, God of books?' — *The Synagogue.*

Faded and worn, O, holy book,
To me much charm hast thou ;
For sadly cometh on my gaze
Long buried pleasure, now !
And as I ope thy blessed leaves,
My father seemeth near ;
I hearken to his voice, and see
The hand that once was here.

I note the precept that he marked ;
With reverence scan the line ;
The texts on which his eye hath paused,
Arrest, not seldom, mine.

I heed again the counsel kind,
Which, to enforce with care,
He taught me to repeat, as I
Leaned o'er his elbow chair.

The years come back, when, frolic done,
At twilight's sober hour,
I duly joined the household hymn,
And prayer for shielding power.
Can I forget the tones of peace
That blent with pious awe,
When read my sire of gospel love,
Or of the holy law ?

Can I forget the clustering pearls
He gathered then from thee —
The which the world is poor to buy,
Yet to the world are free ?
O, as he read that earthly joys
Would like a dream depart,
He prayed that heavenly blessings I
Might wear upon my heart.

'T is well to call up vanished hours,
If only for awhile —
That thus on early boyhood cast
Their fresh and fleeting smile ;
And yet, thou hope-inspiring Book !
The solace that forbids
Lamenting our departed joys,
Is found within thy lids.

Thou mindest me that time hath rolled
Waves, many, since the day
When in his cerements robed, my sire
Was borne the churchyard way :
Thou mindest me, the hour of prime,
So bright and brief, is gone ;
And these are shadows of the eve
That now are stealing on.

Yet unto me, O, blessed book !
Thou hast a living charm ;
The promise is revealed, that still
Doth mortal ills disarm.
The kindly Gilead bearest thou,
That heals the hurt within ;
The fountain, ever full, hast thou,
So potent for my sin.

Even seeking, here, the quiet thoughts
Of him who sought to find,
Like angel-whispers, gently breathe
Composure to my mind ;
Then hold I converse with the dead,
And taste of hidden bliss ;
The spirit of a better world
Allures my flight from this.

I trace his pilgrimage of pain,
The same my feet have known ;
Compare with his the secret sigh,
And count with his the groan ;

And pray that like his upward path,
May mine be gladly trod ;
To drop the last besetting sin,
And rest with him in God.

Thus, holy Book ! to me thy page
Is redolent of peace,
Which, not of earth, while that decays,
Will brighten and increase.
Beyond the treasures of the sea,
Or ingots of the mine,
And fairer than the world's delights,
The excellence that's thine.

BOOKS FOR CHINA.

I lately saw, cased up, of those same books,
A library ; — valued are they, and sought
Of all our Sabbath-schools. I love their looks ;
So queried for what children they were bought,
Or whither they might go ? The lad replied
‘ To China.’ At his words I wondered then.
To China ! — ‘ t is but lately we should chide
The fancy that durst stretch so bold a ken.
Yet knowledge must increase, and God has made
A highway into Sinim. To her need
Shall Sunday-schools be given ; — in the shade
Of her great wall, her sons will sit, and read
The winning page, whose precepts lead above ;
And they will love the truths our children love.

YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE HYMN.

True excellence, O weary heart,
By high resolve wouldest thou attain?
With Virtue cast thy lot and part,
And instantly the treasure gain.

For, lofty once, in Error's chase
A devious way thou 'st sorely trod;
Returning, take thy proper place;
The noblest of the works of God!

'T is done; — how many storms of wrath,
Whose lightnings scarred that manly brow,
Have gone forever from his path!
What sunshine settles on him now!

And thus, beyond the angel throng,
Who only heralded 'Good will,'
Comes saving Temperance, with her song;
To-day we hear its music still.

And in the future who may read
How far her daring flight shall go?
Or what shall in her track succeed
To free our world from moral woe?

O, much of Earth may Heaven expect,
When for 'the Right' are pledged the Youth;
Balm for the hopes so sadly wrecked,
And victory for eternal Truth.

SUPPLICATION IN PROSPECT OF THE CHOLERA. 1832.

O GOD ! thine oriental scourge —
His errand bid to run —
Has measured realms and seas, to hail
The occidental sun.

Above his chariot is seen
The victor's flag unfurled ;
And Ruin ready at his wheel
To sweep the western world.

And on our troubled border, now
The mighty Terror stands ;
And scares us with his dreadful spoils
Won from a thousand lands.

A moment stands — his steady march
Is onward, rousing fears ;
Before him is a paradise,
Behind him only tears.

Our land, is it not valor's land,
The beautiful and free ?
Yet, if the best of all the earth,
We owe it, Lord, to thee.

And vainly round it do we plant
The sanitary line ;
And crowd its walls with watch and guard : —
To keep, is only thine.

O rashly have we deemed our spear
Our stay, nor sought the throne ;
We 've plucked the honor from thy brow,
To bind it on our own.

Now, wisely taught our helplessness,
Thy justice and thy power,
Bid thou this time of waiting be
Mercy's propitious hour.

Then come ! not by thy messenger —
Thyself thy children meet ;
And see a people humbled low,
A nation at thy feet.

SWEET ORB OF NIGHT! I SAW THEE RISE.

Sweet orb of night ! I saw thee rise,
In cloudless lustre, o'er the plain ;
I saw thee climb the azure skies,
With radiant splendors in thy train :

I marked thy mildly pensive beam
At midnight's still and hallowed hour ;
I watched the fitful, lonely gleam,
That played on yonder ivied tower.

Sweet orb of night ! I often love,
When day, with all its cares, is o'er,
To wander in the silent grove,
And there the Source of Light adore :
O, then, how false all else appears,
While, rapt in awe, thy course I view,
And see thee mount the starry spheres,
And tread the fields of heavenly blue !

THE CHURCH AT SEA.

Few mercy-drops to-day are ours,
In tears acknowledge we ;
No cloud comes up surcharged with showers ;
The Church has gone to sea.
Her blessed presence not alone
Engrossing land may keep ;
With morning's wing the Dove has flown —
Behold her on the deep ! *

* The fact has been ascertained that the Spirit of God, during the past year, (1845,) has been more abundantly poured out on the sons of the ocean, than on the dwellers upon the land.

Religion, that had sown our soil
With pearls of heavenly light,
Turns from her unrequited toil,
And leaves us to the night.
Met coldly here, the glorious form
To weary Ocean flies —
And points, beyond its frequent storm
To quiet in the skies.

The airs that sing among the shrouds
Are her inviting bell ;
The voices of the warring clouds
Her diapason swell.
No wealthy Virtues crowd her gates,
Nor Pomp, confessing sins ;
But mercy for the Sailor waits,
And love the Sailor wins.

'Tis well she there uplifts her dome,
And her foundation dips
In floods — her Lord, who had no home,
Taught often from the ships ;
To show us that His gospel, free
As winds and waves, should go
To all of poor and rich degree,
The mighty and the low.

And that salvation's blessed Star
Its mellow light may fling,
As well on him astride the spar,
As on the sworded king ;

And tribute from the watery world
The Son of God must draw —
Its ships display his cross unfurled,
Its isles receive his law.

THE LAST DRUNKARD.

He stood, the last — the last of all
The ghastly, guilty band,
Whose clanking chains and cry of thrall
Once rang throughout the land.

Alone he stood — the outcast wretch,
Left only with his pain ;
Of each boon friend, could memory fetch
To thought, not one again.

He stood — but where was now the host,
The mighty, giant throng,
That late in columns to the lost,
Had moved, with jibe and song ?

The hoary, yet dishonored head,
And manhood's dark locks, where ?
And woman, too, by error led
That broad way to despair ?

Where were they all ? — the sweeping blast
Had burnt their life-blood up ;
Health, reason, honor died, as past
The simoom of the cup !

And he alone — *alone !* sad glance
Threw hurriedly around ;
And earth and sky held mocking dance,
And upward came a sound —

A sound of mortal agony ;
Upon his ear it fell ;
A bitter and undreamed of cry,
With mingled laugh of hell.

As if were centred in that yell
All of the misery
That broken hearts can only tell,
That God can only see..

It calls him ! and, probation past,
He shouts, ' Ye Fiends, I come !
Open, foul pit, and take the last,
The last doomed slave of Rum ! '

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

In that day there shall be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord. — *Zeck.* 14 : 20.

Write on your garnered treasures,
Write on your choicest pleasures,
Upon things new and old,
The precious stone and gold ;
On outward riches write,
On bosomed riches write,
Wife, husband, children, friends,
On all that Goodness lends ;
On altars where you kneel,
Where Mercy doth reveal
Herself ; — on your good name,
Upon your cherished fame :
On every pleasant thing ;
On stores that heaven doth fling
Into your basket — write !
Upon the smiles of God,
Upon his scourging rod ;
Write on your inmost heart ;
Write upon every part
Of your mysterious frame,
To Him from whom it came
To Him who claims the whole,
Time, talent, body, soul ;

To whom small birds belong,
And worlds that wheel in song ;
Ocean and little rills,
The everlasting hills ;
Whose shadowing wings, as well
Fold heaven, as the broad hell ;
Whose coming stirs the dead ; —
Write ! for it shall be read
When finally expire
Suns on their funeral pyre ;
Write ! — In eternity
The syllables shall be ;
Upon His footstool write !
Upon His throne, go, write
HOLINESS TO THE LORD !

THE THREE ASPECTS.

Some there are, who deem that Jesus —
Finisher of Mercy's plan —
Was not, in his holy nature,
Either more or less than man.

These acknowledge as their motive
Still to seek the Good and True,
That what finite has accomplished,
Finite yet may surely do.

Some, who feel how insufficient
Man to save a world like ours,
Throne in glory the Messiah
Just above angelic powers :

Heeding not, that they who yield him
Other seat than he should fill,
Though than first, a little lower,
Are but impious robbers still.

Others, — such my heart confesses, —
Who in Bible ways have trod,
View him, as did seers, apostles,
Very Man and very God.

He, to them, a perfect Saviour
Only can be, only is ;
And to them the blessed Spirit
Witnesses that they are his.

THE SHIPWRECKED.

WRITTEN FOR THE BOSTON LADIES' RELIEF SOCIETY,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

We think not as we should, of those
Who tempt the dangerous deep ;
O'er whom its whelming waters close, —
For whom but few may weep.

Secure in ample dwellings, we,
At ease, and full, and warm —
Forget our brother, who, at sea,
Is warring with the storm.

The blast, that wails about our bed,
And lulls us with its breath,
Is beating on his naked head,
And chilling him in death.

The gust, that shook us as we lay,
Without a dream of care,
Has swept his little all away,
And left him to despair.

Despair ? — O, never ! while the heart
Of sympathy can grieve ;
Or angel Woman may impart
Her substance to relieve.

Despair? — O, never! while we here
Behold such blessed sight, —
The gifts, his weary woe to cheer,
The smiles, to chase his night.

NEW YEAR'S COLLOQUY.

I asked the New Year as it came,
Why here dost will to be?
And it said — 'mid shouts that named its name —
To minister to thee.

Why comest thou with weal and woe,
Alternate hope and fear? —
To give to weary man, below,
The smile and frequent tear.

Thou wilt restore the absent friend
To my desiring heart? —
Yet I all pleasant ties will rend,
And the joined forever part.

Why wilt thou deck the bridal bed
Of youth and beauty's bloom? —
That I the thoughtless pair may wed
Unto the dreary tomb.

Why wilt thou please the mother's eyes
With her infant's thousand charms? —
To bear unto the faithful skies
The treasure of her arms.

Into the lap why wilt thou fling
Hoards of uncounted gold? —
To give the wretch, ere long, **the sting**
Of hopes to poverty sold.

Why to Ambition's silly few
Wilt thou sing the song of fame? —
To show, of the bubbles men pursue,
The emptiest is a name.

Why comest thou with hymns of cheer? —
I come, too, with my woes;
Voices that welcome the New Year,
Shall be silent at its close.

And why embark upon thy tide
Earth's millions, without dread? —
That in their laughter they may glide,
Unconscious, to the dead.

Why wilt thou haste to mingle in
Eternity's wide sea? —
That I one day may show his sin,
Who asketh now of me.

JESUS CHRIST : THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER.

OCCASIONED BY THE RESIGNATION OF THE SUPER-
INTENDENT OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Gathered in this pleasant place,
Here has answered 'face to face ;'
Here has mingled common prayer,
Here have praises filled the air.

Here like seed was Wisdom flung
From the willing heart and tongue ;
All beneath a gentle rule,
In our happy Sunday School.

Still we gather as we 've done —
Every kindling purpose one —
Who by love shall honor most
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Still petition we prefer ;
Worships still the worshipper ;
But another takes the rule
In this happy Sunday School.

In our asking, as we may,
For the harvest will we pray ;
And, in our imperfect song,
Praises for the sheaves prolong.

Thus, while changes sadly show
All is mutable below,
Changeless Jesus ! keep the rule
In our happy Sunday School.

THE TRACT LEFT AT MY HOUSE.

A modest female, lately, at my door,
Solicited that I would take her boon.
It was a Tract. I took, and thanked, and soon
Began to read ; what was it moved me so ?
For SIN NO TRIFLE I had read before,
When o'er its page would tears unbidden flow.
And still I read, and still it seemed to me
Authority's own herald, and I felt
Awed at its presence. Nor could I but think
To entertain the guest thus proffered free.
I read with tears for sin ; yet, joyful, knelt,
And blessed my God that Truth wells every where
Waters of life ; and freely may men drink.
For this did I His gracious praise declare.

SYMBOLS.

'And do sign him with the sign of the Cross.' — *Common Prayer.*

Infirmity like mine requires
The aid of hallowed Art;
By Genius lit, Religion's fires
Shall penetrate the heart.

It therefore stirs my love for Him,
When chiselled Romans toss
Their frantic arms, and nail the limb
Of Jesus to the Cross.

My faith at Raffael's pencil stops
Where Meekness suffers now;
I weep, when paint baptismal drops
The Cross upon the brow.

I sorrow o'er the humble stone,
Whose moonlit Cross the eye
Discerns, as type of Life, alone,
In whom believers die.

I feel, as shadows, thoughts malign
Depart when morning's fires
Blaze on the Christian's simple sign
That tips the temple-spires.

He shall not then be blamed, whom priest
Thus furnishes to send —
A red-cross knight, and not the least,
If faithful to the end —

To battle for the Crucified ;
To count his laurels loss ;
To bring his passion and his pride
And glory to the Cross.

O Thou, of whom all things may teach,
Most humbly I implore
The unction, types and pictures preach,
My heart may know the more !

THE JEW.

'I can't despise a Jew. I can't add the weight of my finger to the burden that God has laid on him.' — *Judah's Lion*.

O, say not that the Jew is dead
To feelings which belong to man ;
Or that sweet mercy 's wholly fled,
For him who lies beneath the ban.

Though 'mid the busy haunts of life,
He steals, unnoticed and unknown,
Or, meets, as best he may, the strife
That sinks the spirit when alone ;

Though on his forehead burns the sign
Of righteous wrath that wastes within, —
Sent down the Israelitish line
For his forefathers' crowning sin ; —

Though base ones — deeming they perform
A higher will — with jeering lip
Assail, in persecuting storm,
The wretch they have ' upon the hip ; '

Yet he is honored in the thought
That loves to dwell on former days,
And linger o'er their wonders wrought,
And ponder Heaven's mysterious ways.

And he is reverenced by the heart
That trusts the Oracle Divine,
Which gives the banished Hebrew part
Again in blessed Palestine.

And thither will he journey back —
The troops of Zion making way —
And cloud and pillar point the track,
And ark and altar with him stay.

And he shall be enthroned by grace
Above the vile who on him trod,
And sit with princes, for his race
Are nobles from the hand of God.

THE TWO PILLARS.

'If I were to speak of preparation for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, I should mention the Sunday School and the Temperance cause ; those two Doric pillars of society, standing as they do on the firm foundations of the Gospel, and towering as they do among us, admired and guarded by the leading minds of the Christian community.'

What mean these towering pillars, that
So beautifully stand,
And look in simple majesty
Sublimely o'er the land ?

Round one is twined the heavenly wreath
Of everlasting green,
Where smiles, and joys, and budding years
Luxuriantly are seen.

'T is based on love, and gracefully
The column soars on high ;
Bright hopes are clustering round the shaft,
Whose summit seeks the sky.

The other, like a giant, springs
From Resolution's rock ;
Temptation's storms may round it rave,
It meets, unharmed, the shock.

How comely are the chaplets, which
Festoon this noble pile ! —
The grief that 's healed, the tear that 's dried —
The wife and children's smile !

And, guarded by the watchful bands
Of Gratitude, behold !
Around them gather aged men,
And sweet ones of the fold.

Twin pillars of a nation's pride !
Unshaken shall ye stand,
When pyramids reel down to dust,
And heaves like ocean, land.

For as the everlasting hills
Must Truth and Temperance be ; —
O, God, grant us such resting-place,
When pass the earth and sea !

THE DEPARTED.

I see thee not, my brother ! thou art far
From me, removed to thy empyrion —
Thou dwellest in the chambers of the star,
A worshipper, immortal. Yet in sleep
I saw thee. 'T was a vision of the night,

When fancy, roused, no more would vigils keep,
When all within was holy, calm, and bright.
I saw thee as thou wast. Though many a flower
Of summer birth has flourished on thy bed —
Though many a cold and wintry blast has swept
The spot where thou hast pillow'd thy head —
The spot where I, in boyhood's laughing hour,
Forgot my mirth, and o'er thy memory wept —
My brother! I saw thee, and thou didst seem
Like nought of earth — a shadowy, pleasing dream,
A voiceless vision, beckoning me away
To skyey fields, where Love's pure fountain flows
'Mid landscapes, sunned by an unclouded day,
Where pilgrims dwell — the weary find repose.
Methought 't was by a river's brink we walked.
How touching was night's silence! Echo talked
Along the breezes; on the gentle air
Came dying murmurs; — music, too, was there,
Music unheard, yet felt; the harmony
That soothes the spirit in the parting hour,
That hails the disembodied to their bower.
'T was invitation all; — I strove to follow thee —
My brother! — sought again thy speaking eye, —
But thou wast gone! there was nought left with me;
The stars shone coldly in the clear blue sky;
The lonely night-wind, murmuring, past by.

THE MATERNAL PRAYER MEETING.

They 've met, thou see'st, and this is where
They always love to meet;
The chosen room, well known to prayer,
The Mother's mercy-seat;
They 've met — in beauteous eyes the tear
Of stirring thought is dim,
For each, this hour, her sweet ones here,
Leads up in prayer to HIM.

Is 't not a holy place? — look round! —
For to these bosoms given,
Are hopes, not by the wide world bound,
They look away to heaven.
And think not heaven, as side by side,
Are child and mother bowed,
Between itself and this deep tide
Of prayer, hath flung a cloud.

O, no! if ever broken speech
May audience find above,
'T is when the mother's heart would reach
Down blessings for its love;
And though, in tears, each suppliant long
May tarry near the throne,
She knows that here the faith is strong
That is so faint alone.

And firm the faltering step, for then
The altar-place is trod ;
And rises timid woman, when
She gives her child to God ;
Yet not for self is given the sigh,
Nor earnest tear is shed,
But that rich mercies from on high
May fall upon his head.

O, woman ! to whose forming touch
Is given the plastic mind,
Thou need'st the frequent prayer, for much
Hath heaven to thee consigned ;
Still in thy weakness there is power
Before thy King to stand ;
With him there is a hearing hour,
A sceptre in his hand.

'T is wise, while fountains fail below,
To lead those thou dost love
To living streams, that brightly flow
In fairer worlds above ;
To furnish, e'er 't is thine to fall,
These dear ones for the strife ;
And then, to see them peril all
For crowns of endless life !

WHEN DEATH SHALL LAY THIS BOSOM LOW.

When death shall lay this bosom low,
And every murmur hush to sleep,
When those that give affection now,
Shall o'er affection's memory weep ;

I would not, when the spirit's flown,
That strangers should receive the sigh ;
I would not that a hand unknown,
Should, coldly, close the slumbering eye ;

But, on some throbbing heart reclined,
That beats alone for love and me —
Each parting pang subdued, how kind,
How peaceful would my exit be !

I would not that this aching head
Should rest, at last, on foreign clay ;
I would not that my grassy bed
Should be from home and love away :

But, in my native village ground,
Near kindred dust, these relics laid ;
How calm my slumbers, how profound,
Beneath the old tree's sombre shade !

THE SAILOR.

His fetters has folly made terribly fast,
And round him its coils are continually cast;
Far, far from the blessings that sweeten life's cup,
He drinks, 'without mixture,' its bitterness up ;—
In the madness of mirth there's an oath on his lips,
In the hour of remembrance remorse amid-ships ;—
Yet, rescued from dangers that swarmed round
him, he
Finds the 'land shark,' by far, worse than shark
of the sea.

And thus since Adventure first tried the blue wave,
Has the Ship proved of mind and of morals the
grave :
What eyes have looked out from their watch to the
stars —
What forms climbed the ratlin, or bent to the
spars —
What nerve in the tempest to battle its wrath —
What skill, in all waters to plough up a path ! —
Those thousands have perished — that resolute soul,
In the race of the ages, has died at the goal.

Taught by him, her Great Head, who, in bodily
form,
Once walked on the billows, and rolled back the
storm,

The Church, in her faith, goes abroad on the deep,
And speaks, by her bounty, its tempests to sleep.
He has 'Peace' who was once by their turbulence
tost,
He 'is found' who on shoals of the tempter was
lost, —
And now, with the Pilot that never wrecked Tar,
Sails the Mariner, guided by Bethlehem's Star!

I saw the outcast — an abandoned boy,
Whom wretchedness, debased, might call its own.
His look was wan ; and his sad, sunken eye,
Mute pleader — told a bosom-harrowing tale.
For he was one, unknown to fostering care,
That should have shielded and protected him
In childhood's dangerous hour. No father's prayer,
In midnight's orison, had risen ever
Before the viewless throne, to fall again
In blessings on the lad. No mother's tear
Had dropt in secret for the wanderer. He,
Dejected, stood before me, and methought
Resembled much a flower, a ruined flower,
But lovely once, and might have flourished well,
Had not adversity's dread simoom passed,
And blighted all its sweets. The buds of hope
Bloomed on, but not for him. The morning sun
Shone gladly out — but all to him was dark.

His soul was in eclipse — the energies
Of mind lay dormant, withering in their prime.
I looked, but he had passed me : he stole on
Despondingly ; irresolute his pace,
As on forbidden ground. The world seemed not
For him — haply its frigid boon were much
To yield the sufferer misery's sheltering grave.

I saw the outcast — but to Fancy's view
Methought a vision, fair and bright, appeared. —
So changed, I doubted — but intelligence
Darting in lustre from his mild, full eye,
Assured my throbbing heart 't was he indeed.
Gone was the sallow hue, the sombre cast
Of sorrow gone ; and, in its stead, the glow
Of cheerfulness shone out. His parting lip
Disclosed the smile content delights to wear,
When peace within sits revelling. His step erect,
Told of a heart at peace. — Wondering, I asked
The cause. He pointed meekly to a dome,
Whose hallowed portals tell the passenger
That the Eternal deigns to call it His —
Known of all nations as the house of prayer :
'Here,' said the youth — while glistening drops
bedewed
His beauteous cheek — 'here Pity led my way ;
And he that knew no father, soon found ONE
Able and sure to save. And he, whose tears
No mother's hand had kindly wiped away,

Found ONE that said, 'Come, thou forsaken ! come
Unto my bosom — rest, poor wanderer, here.'
He ceased. My full heart, as I went my way,
Called down God's benison on the Sunday School.

THE TRUE WASHINGTONIAN'S SONG.

I, who on dunghill-muck have lain,
And slept in dirty jail,
With liver grog-inflamed, and face
Cadaverous and pale —
Whose bloated legs could scarce support
A lean and famished belly,
Whose filthy mouth spewed out the slime
Congealed within, like jelly ;

Who, shirtless, bedless, supperless,
Kept vigils in the street;
A burning heart, the antipodes
To frozen head and feet —
Whose horrid curse hath met my wife's
Anxiety and fears,
Whose blow hath levelled at my feet
My boy, in blood and tears, —

Whom, with unutterable scorn,
Past priest and peasant by —
Avoiding as they might, the stench
That floated from my sty, —
Whom all agreed to kick aside
As carrion for the grave,
A putrid wretch, Teetotalism
Could never, never save —

Am now, thank God ! another man ; —
A man, who devil seemed ;
Am now — once prisoner of years —
Eternally redeemed ;
Am now with sober reason blest,
Who howled among the graves ;
Am free, who like a reptile crawled,
Abhorred by common slaves.

All 's well at home ! — my wife can bear
Misfortune's cruel edge, —
She sunk beneath my sharper word —
Thank God ! I 've signed the pledge.
All 's well at home ! — my darling boy
Climbs up my welcome knee ;
He looks up in an honest face,
Thank God ! his sire to see.

I 've signed the pledge ! and that is why
My brow is clear of shame,
And light my heart and full my purse —
Go, brother ! do the same.

I 've signed the Pledge — and what of that?
What virtue's in a line? —
To check indomitable will
What can this fist of mine?

For better men, in thoughtful frame,
Have signed as well as I,
Who, perjured, fell before the cup,
Self-doomed to fall and die;
I 've seen them! yes, have seen the cloud
That left awhile their door
After the rain return, and storms
Of tenfold fury pour.

And what shall save me from their doom?
The Pledge! — 't is only ink;
If this is all my saving ark
Beneath the waves I sink.
'I WILL,' when Virtue prompts, is strong;
But often Folly rules;
Who trusts the wise, by Wisdom's led;
Who trust themselves, are fools.

No! there 's a better help than this,
The penitent avails, —
The grace that lifts from the abyss
To keep him never fails.
With Washington's immortal name
The Christian's I 'll unite;
Then march, assail, and crush the foe,
Lord Jesus! in thy might.

BURNING OF THE ORPHAN ASYLUM,

AT PHILADELPHIA.

'T was midnight, and the northern blast rode high ;
Nature lay torpid 'neath the iron power
Of chill midwinter. From the clear cold sky,
The stars shed quickened lustre ; 't was the hour
Of brooding silence, heaviness, and death.

Hushed was the Orphan's prayer,
And hushed the holy hymn.

Say, is it real ! — or but the unquiet breath
Of fancy, whispering to the startled ear ?
O, God of mercy ! is there none to save ?
No powerful arm of blest protection here ;
No kindly refuge from the burning grave ?

'T was morning — and the smouldering, blackened
pile,
The throb of agony, the burst of woe,
The eye of eloquence, the Orphan's tale,
Spoke the proud triumph of the midnight foe.
I wept, and long I wept ; yet not for those
Dear innocents — who fed the funeral pyre ;
For them, escaped from earth and earth-born woes,
Their spirits wafted on one car of fire —

Why should I weep ? No, 't was the shivering child,
The living wretch, that claimed the pitying tear.
When, lo ! a form I saw of aspect mild,
Fair CHARITY, amid the throng appear !
Her magic voice bade every heart attend,
Her influence sweet each feeling bosom knew,
And soon the helpless Orphan found a friend,
And eyes unknown to weep were moist with Pity's
dew.

Again was heard the Orphan's prayer,
Again the holy hymn.

I knew the boy, and he was such an one
As we can dearly love, nor question why.
Of fragile form, yet fair, methinks the sun
Ne'er shone upon a lovelier ; his eye
Sparkled with hope and innocence ; delight
Dwelt in his motions, every thought was joy.
Gentle in heart, attractive to the sight,
Death ! how couldst thou such comeliness destroy ?

I saw him flushed with health ; the opening rose
Was not more sweet ; his cheek had stolen its hue.
On his fair brow sat childhood's calm repose ;
His budding lip, surcharged with freshest dew,

Spake promise of long days ; we fondly said
‘These charms will flourish — many a genial spring
Invigorating, will kind influence shed,
Ripening the plant, and full perfection bring.

I saw him in the agonizing hour,
When pain was struggling with its victim ; there
Was loveliness remaining, though the power
Of fell disease had blighted what was fair.
He knew me not ; already had he flown
In thought to his empyrean, and ere
Some cherub called, ‘away ! ’ he sought the throne :
What should the traveller know of sorrow here ?

I saw him, — but the last long strife was o’er !
‘T was hard, for Death had lingered with the blow,
Reluctant, seeming : — pale he was, but more
Of beauty have I never seen ; the foe,
Unwilling to deface so sweet a germ,
Had left heaven’s impress on the sleeping clay ;—
There reigned, sublime, eternity’s deep calm ;
Death sat, a smiling victor, on his prey.

REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD.

I saw the Evangelist of God ascend
The holy place. He spake, and on my heart
Fell accents glowing with the prophet’s fire.
I heard thee, mighty one ! and was afraid.

O, sweet as angel's music were the tones
That breathed their gilead on the wounded heart;
Strengthened the weary, bade the broken come
To Silea's fountain, and in faith be whole.
I wept o'er blighted hopes; but thou didst draw,
A willing captive, my admiring soul
With thee, to brighter regions, where the dream
Of glad fruition lives, nor is unreal.
I fearèd Death; but thou didst deck the foe
In lovely garb; with softest beauty clad,
I saw him beckoning to the narrow house
Of rest, where spicy odors balm the air,
And Resurrection's halo crowns the dead.

HOME OF MY YOUTH.

Home of my youth! with fond delight,
On thee doth recollection dwell;
Home of my youth! how gayly bright,
The scenes that childhood loved so well!

Cot of my fathers! well I know
The spot that saw my infant dawn;
Near the green lane, the old elm row —
The village spire — the grassy lawn.

And sweet to me the laughing hours,
When earth seemed gay, and heaven was fair ;
When fancy culled her thornless flowers,
And pleasure reigned, unknown to care.

Home of my youth ! this heart away,
Recalls those moments dear to me ;
Often, in dreams, will memory stray,
Home of my youth — to weep o'er thee.

FUNERAL HYMN.

On the ramparts of Zion, where watch he was
keeping,

His eye on the rebels who Israel defied —
Or, taking the sickle, the harvest was reaping,
In love with the souls for whom Jesus had died —

The Master called for him ; his mantle 't was merely
To drop, and depart, for his labor was done ;
Thus rests the disciple who followed sincerely,
And thus, by the Christian, the coronet 's won.

We heard him ; and who, that remembers his
pleading,

That voice of deep earnestness e'er can forget ?
Or the prayer of his faith when the soul, interceding,
Shone out in the features by sympathy wet ?

He has fled ! and like him could we pass the dark portal
So early, so safely, that leads to the throne,
At once would we turn from the bliss that is mortal,
To feast on fruition that now is his own !

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Sandwich Isles ! the Sandwich Isles !
How fair on ocean's breast they seem,
Reflecting the immortal smiles
That from the Source of glory beam !
O 't was not thus the ages gone,
When they in error's night lay dim,
God's jewels, that in silence shone
Most beautiful, yet not for him.

The Sandwich Isles ! — as in a glass,
Their dark-eyed sons rise up to me,
No longer pagan ; — while they pass
From O-a-hu and O-why-hee,
I mark their faces shorn of shame,
Like glorious men who spurn the dust, —
The last to know of Freedom's name,
Yet in her lofty triumphs first.

The Sandwich Isles ! their coral coasts,
Their fairy dales, and hills, and plains,
Have echoed to the Lord of Hosts
Redemption's never-tiring strains.

O how unlike the savage song
That o'er them once to idols rung,
When madness seized the tossing throng,
And blasphemy defiled the tongue !

The Sandwich Isles ! where from the breast
The mother plucked her clinging child,
And hushed its little woes to rest
In blood — O, God how sweetly wild
The mother's hymn ascends to Thee !
And who, that mother's joy may tell,
As with her child she bends the knee
At summons of the Sabbath bell ?

The Sandwich Isles ! —each laden breeze
Brings token of rich fragrance there ;
I scent, across the surging seas,
Aroma of the convert's prayer.
O give me wings ! my soul would flee
To regions where the Spirit smiles ;
'T is midnight here — 't is morn with ye,
The Sandwich Isles ! the Sandwich Isles !

VERSES,

On hearing that the beautiful Mrs. —— had given her ornaments for the promotion of the Temperance cause.

Chains for the neck of Beauty,
Gems, richly wrought and rare,
Rings, of the costly chased work,
That 't was thy pride to wear —
Thou pluckest from thy finger,
Thou pluckest from thy brow ;
To do it, thou 'lt not linger, —
The ruin rages now.

Thou 'st seen Destruction wasting
The home where peace had dwelt, —
Thou 'st seen the unwritten sorrows,
The broken heart has felt :
That grief needs not the telling ;
The poet need not deck
Woes of the drunkard's dwelling —
His fireside's hopeless wreck.

A pencil dipt in hell,
With characters of flame,
Alone, may truly tell
His past and present shame.

Loss of this life's true pleasures —
Bliss bartered for the bowl —
Loss of the next life's treasures —
Loss of the cheated soul.

Gold to the crucible !
Rich gems let others wear !
Thine are the ornaments
Compassion deems so fair.
With these, let wings be given
To Truth's unerring light ;
Mid arabesques of heaven,
What jewel is so bright !

WORSHIPPING

IN A NEW CHURCH, CONSECRATED TO RELIGION
AND FREEDOM.

Thou, for our humble need, hast gifts
Of skill to mortals given,
These gladly used, our temple lifts
Its virgin spire to heaven.

We praise Thy name ! — these modest walls,
To all complexions free —
Thus furnished at our earnest calls,
We render back to Thee.

To Thee ! who turned from songs and thrones,
To see the Hebrew slave ;
To write in blood his tears and groans ;
To pity and to save.

To Thee ! whose Presence once came down,
When prayed the Jewish king —
And sat in glory, like a crown,
On every holy thing.

To Thee ! yet gracious. O, round us
Be clouds of mercy curled,
Thou Lamb of God ! once made a curse, —
Now, blessing for the world.

A VOICE FROM AFRICA.

A voice from Afric ! Afric wakes
From out her centuries of sleep ;
The silent empire silence breaks ; —
Mind may not always slumber keep.

She to the truth-illumined West
Is looking with intense desire ;
And hope, in many a wildered breast,
Is waxing bright and soaring higher.

Her multitudes of sentient slaves,
Weary and faint, and long unfed —
Are heaving, as her own wild waves,
And clamoring for the Saviour's bread.

Now, Christian, is the pregnant hour
Thou 'st panted for, of high renown ;
To crumble Superstition's power,
And add a star to Jesus' crown.

And say, shall Afric vainly sue,
While heavenly treasure fills thy lap ?
Shall erring realms that seek the true,
Be blotted from Religion's map ?

AFRICA — THE REPLY.

The cry beyond Atlantic smites
My ear, — it smites my rocky heart ;
In Man, despoiled of human rights,
My human nature owns a part.

I sigh o'er millions, clasping links
That only limbs in bondage bind ;
But weeps my spirit, when she thinks
Of steel that enters mighty Mind.

Yet sighs and tears will never break
One rivet of the dreadful chain ;
My head ! my heart ! my purse ! awake !
Wake, active soul ! and fertile brain !

Wake up to vows that on this tongue
Trembled in my espousal day,
When backward I my follies flung,
And forward took a wiser way.

Those vows are voices unto me !
I may no longer coldness cloak —
 Undo the burdens ! set him free
 Who faints beneath the idol's yoke !'

And I 'll obey — and Afric's bands
 Shall sing of victory over sin,
 Through Blood that cleanses tribes and lands
 Of deepest night and darkest skin.

RETROSPECTION.

'T is sweet, in seclusion, to look on the past,
 In life's sober twilight recall the day dream ;
 To mark the smooth sunshine and skies overcast,
 That checkered our course as we moved down the
 stream.

For there yet is a charm in retracing the morn
When the star of our pleasure beamed brightly
awhile ;

And the tear that in infancy watered the thorn,
By the magic of memory is changed to a smile

How faint is the touch, no perspective bestowing,
Nor scenery in nature's true colors arrayed !
How chaste is the landscape ! how vividly glowing,
Where the warm tint of fancy is mellowed by shade !

With cheerfulness, then, Retrospection ! I 'll greet
thee,
Though bitterness dashes thy chalice of sweets ;
In the eve of reflection this bosom will meet thee,
While to the dear vision of childhood it beats.

And the heart that in confidence seeks its review,
And finds the calm impress of innocence there,
With rapture anticipates happiness new,
In hope yet to come, it possesses a share.

If, in climes of the blessed, affections unite,
And those, on earth parted, are blended in love—
If thoughts of the past quicken present delight,
Retrospection adds bliss to the sainted above.

TO THE DOVE.

Sweet bird of nature's snowy vest,
Thou art in fair luxuriance drest;
The fondest of the plumaged throng,
The lonely dove of plaintive song.

The condor vast, the wren minute,
The pheasant gay, the falcon brute,
Though bold or pleasing to the eye,
Can ne'er with thee, my favorite, vie.

Thou claim'st my sympathy and love;
For still, in some sequestered grove,
Thou dost indulge thy artless moan,
And lovest to sing and sigh alone.

Thy tender strain of hapless woe,
Oft bids the tear of sorrow flow;
Thy note exceeds the touch of art;
Thy melody attracts the heart.

Yet blithe and cheerful is thy mien,
And halcyon mirth with thee is seen;
Thou roam'st at large, disporting free,
Fidelity a trait of thee.

BEAUTY IN THE GRAVE.

ON SEEING AN ANCIENT PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

How loudly rang her ready praise
In her ancestral hall,
How beauteous at the levee, once,
How graceful at the ball,
It matters not! — that fair one now,
The idol of the brave,
The pageant of a former hour,
Is Beauty in the Grave.

How much admired for sparkling wit,
And prized for virtues true,
How by the multitude esteemed,
Belovèd by the few,
It matters not! — alike the same
To him, as is the slave
The sordid worm holds banqueting
On Beauty in the Grave.

The well-proportioned shape, the grace
Of woman's queenly tread,
The speaking eye, the budding lip,
Of nature's dewy red,
The thousand witcheries that still
Our warmest homage crave,
What are they in Death's arms, and what
Is Beauty in the Grave?

Go ye, to whom are faultless forms
And lovely features given,
To manifest that still below
Is something left of heaven —
Go ! in humility forget
The charms ye cannot save ;
Look hence a little hour, and see
Your Beauty in the Grave.

And look upon the laughing earth,
Where spring, in careless play,
Puts forth its fairest blossoms, but
To deck them with decay.
And look upon the face of all
That's beautiful and brave :
On every blessing lent to man
Are traces of the Grave.

Yet gaze on One from whom that trace
May never pass away,
Though He corruption never saw,
Nor in its realm could stay :
And see in the immortal scars
That may the sinner save,
The victory of Him, who came
In Beauty from the Grave !

THE TEACHER.

I saw the Teacher Love had tasked ;
Her eye was bright, the pearls
Of Truth dropt from her mouth, as asked
She questions of her girls ; —
And as they pleasantly replied,
And gave the simple rule —
I said that coronetted Pride
Might learn at Sunday School.

I saw the Teacher them entreat
The Saviour now to love ;
On earth to lie below his feet,
That they might rise above ; —
And as the blessed tear-drops came
From sorrow's troubled pool,
I said, ‘ Religion's holy flame
Is lit at Sunday School.’

I saw the Teacher at the bed
On which a scholar lay ;
Her heart was full — she wept, and said :
‘ This flower will pass away ! ’
And while she fanned that flushing face,
The fever's rage to cool —
I thought Compassion had a place
With themes at Sunday School.

I saw the Teacher breast the wave
Of storms the heart must know —
It rudely towered above, and gave
Her hope to gulfs below ; —
And when I saw her cheerful look
Who loved a Sovereign's rule —
I knew submission's precious book
Was conned at Sunday School.

THE CAPTIVE JEWESS.

A Jewish lady of exquisite beauty had with her husband been taken captive by the Saracen commander of a fleet cruising on the coast of Palestine. The brutal captain being about to commit violence on her person, she called to her husband, who was within hearing, but in chains, and asked him, in Hebrew, whether they who were drowned in the sea should revive at the resurrection of the dead. He replied, in the words of Psalm 68 : 22, 'The Lord said, I will bring again from Bashan, I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea.' Upon which, she immediately threw herself into the sea, and was drowned.

Though ne'er for thee on Shinar's plain
Is reared the sculptured urn,
Though Judah's harp ne'er swells the strain,
Nor Salem's daughters mourn ;

Though ne'er may minstrel's lyre of woe
Thy early exit tell ;
Though ne'er the dirge in numbers slow
Shall hymn thy parting knell ;

Yet softly rests thy weary head,
Where ocean's flowerets bloom;
Beneath the deep thy coral bed
Is Virtue's hallowed tomb.

And oft, when evening's star alone
Is trembling on the wave,
The melancholy surge will moan
Its requiem o'er thy grave.

Then rest in peace! and when no more
The raging billows sleep,
The Lord Jehovah shall restore
And bring thee from the deep.

A TRUE TALE.

I long have thought man's heart, though formed to
gentleness,
And moulded by sweet Mercy, changes soon
To unrelenting hardness, when exposed
Unto the bright rays of prosperity.
For I have seen the meek one chafe and rage,
Yes, in his anger, tread on him that wore
A form like to his own. I have beheld
When he did spurn his fellow, and did curse
The fatherless and widow in their want.

I followed late unto the narrow house,
One whom I knew in his more prosperous day ;
Whose heart was ever open to distress,
Whose hand was liberal to befriend. Yet he,
Left to Adversity's rude grasp, found those
That shared his cup and converse, distant now —
Mean parasites, who shunned Affliction's door.
And at that funeral many tears were shed —
More, as it seemed, than death, our common lot,
Alone should claim. I asked of her that leaned
For needed help upon me, and who shook
And wept as if her very soul did sob —
The cause of this, so strange distress, and heard
A tale of grief — my heart wept as I heard.
A man of avarice, a pitiless
Base worshipper of gold, had seized this son
Of hard Misfortune ; from a sick bed, too,
Ay, from a wife and babes, on whom disease
And wasting sorrow long had fastened,
Had torn him, and for lack of sordid coin,
Doomed him to perish in the prison-house.
His wife, faithful, as woman ever is,
Though stricken, left him not. Even at the hour
Of his extremity, she closer clung,
And neither want nor wretchedness could frown
That tender, virtuous helpmate from his side.
And, as she saw death hastily approach,
And marked damps gathering, and no one near
To aid the sufferer, the screams she sent

From misery's abyss, one would have thought,
Might stir the dead. Yet no help came, and there,
In that damp prison, in her wild despair,
She sat, and held his throbbing head, until
Death's marble impress, fixed upon his brow,
Told that his heart was broke.

I long had loved thee ; thou wast dearer far
Than all mortality beside could boast ;
My pride, my glory ; thou, my chosen star !
I loved thee well, but I do love thee most
Since the sad time that sickness writhed this frame ;
For well do I remember all the care
That, gathering round thee, clouded thy young
brow,
The while thou lean'dst o'er me, with looks the
same
Of tenderness, that first taught me to bow
At Goodness' shrine, a willing votary there.
A WIFE ! what tie, love, can with this compare ?
Best of God's gifts, where all of loveliness
Is given, to soothe the sojourner below —
O, hard his passage through life's wilderness,
Who has not Woman to assuage his woe !

I long had loved thee ; and, in early hours,
Thy image came, with peerless beauty blended.

Then Pleasure beckoned me unto her bowers,
And only sunshine on my steps attended.
Dearest! I sought thee in youth's halcyon day.
Yet more I prize thee, now the mellow ray
Of calm enjoyment gently steals along,
Gilding with sober tint our humble way.
Remote from all the bustle of the throng,
Our home is in each other, and the din
Of pomp and splendor, love! we shall not heed;
The world is not for us, and those within
Who seek their aliment, are rich indeed.
To us is given the soul-soothing song,
And love to bless; we ask no other meed.

Though fond of retrospect — and I confess
That on the past I 've gazed with keen delight,
And, much reviewing, marked new cause to bless
Heaven and thee, love! — yet with fonder ken
Thought glances onward to the coming night,
The softly stealing night of being, when
We too shall downward tread the narrow vale
That shadows forth into eternity —
The pathway fraught with Eden's primal balm,
Leading to heights of peace, where travellers see
The lightning fork below, but feel no harm, —
And hear the tempest rave, no storms can them
assail.

While hand in hand we journey on, how sweet
The converse of departed hours! the tale
Of other days will 'guile our pilgrim feet.

WHEN COLD IN THE DUST.

When cold in the dust sleeps this bosom of clay,
And the captive enlarged wanders lightly and free ;
While it treads the expanse of eternity, say,
Will it then be a stranger to love and to thee ?

And shall the pure flame, that was kindled below
From the spark ever burning on altars above,
Be quenched in the clime where each breast feels
its glow,

Where each harp wakes the theme, and the choral
is love ?

O, no ! in those regions of light and of joy,
Will memory, in vigor, our friendship prolong ;
We shall know as we 're known, and their converse
enjoy,
As we soar with the ransomed, and mingle the song.

Unclothed with the frailties that fettered us here,
Each scene of past anguish forgot by us then —
The cloud that has hovered will there disappear,
And the sunshine it veiled will illumine again.

Freed alike from each sorrow that reigned in the
breast,
And the bliss that shone dimly or sparkled on care,
The revealings of joy will but quicken its zest, —
Immortality seal what it ne'er can impair !

LITERATURE FOR THE SEA.

The Sailor sells his life away ; —

From first to latest breath

He toils for unrequiting pay,

And gets the wages — *Death*.

The Sailor roughs it when the winds

His topsails take aback ;

And small his care, in wind or calm,

What berth's for honest Jack.

For Jack ! whom starboard, larboard gales

Sweep windward and to lee ;

Who wavers like a feather tost

Between the sky and sea.

That boiling sea his grave — the which

Has many a Sailor shared :

That angry sky his home, and he

A spirit unprepared.

For Jack, who 'swigs the flowing can,'

And boldly asks to know,

Than he, where stands a better man

To take the world in tow !

Who in the malntop has his pipe,

And ribaldry in chest ;

In watch and watch the silly song, —

In steerage, oath and jest.

Poor Jack ! — while we have chased the night
Impatiently, from Mind,
Thou, to the intellectual light
Hast been forever blind.
We 've cared not ! — yet a brighter day
Is dawning now for thee ;
And knowledge, hid in church and school,
Henceforth shall take the Sea.

The blessed Bible in thy hand,
Let chart and compass fail !
Thy feet shall on its promise stand,
Thy heart luff to the gale.
'T will teach thee how the soul has cheer,
When breakers boom along ;
In joy and grief, in life and death,
Poor Jack shall have his song !

READING PRESCOTT'S FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

Thou callest up the days of yore,
Their dreams of romance here again ;
Enchantments of the gorgeous Moor,
And pride and chivalry of Spain.

The beauty of the warrior-queen,
To which the Spanish heart was wed —
Inquisitorial men, whose keen
Dark glances smote the spirit dead.

Zahara, in the fierce attack —
The Crescent glittering in the van —
The sorrows of Alhama's sack,
Where Andalusia played the man.

Abdallah's daring, and the zeal
Of Alcayde Hamet in the fray ;
When for the Cross Castilian steel
Struck sharply Velez Malaga.

And Malaga, whose ruin told
Her victor's master lusts were two, —
Whom love of blood and love of gold
Spoke the Assassin in the Jew.

And wondrous Mind's impatient leap —
Discovery's standard folds unfurled —
That roused old monarchies from sleep
To gaze upon a virgin world.

Historian ! beckoned by thy hand
Through sober Truth, thy wizard page
Seems only Fancy's fairy land,
And I on pleasant pilgrimage.

THEY SHALL LIE DOWN ALIKE IN THE
DUST.

Ye hapless ! who repining grieve
At poverty and ill,
Who, doubtful, question heaven's decree,
And murmur at its will,

Think ye that affluence is the source
Whence unmixed blessings flow ?
Think ye that gold can satisfy,
Or splendor, peace bestow ?

Mistaken race ! — alas, how few
This panacea boast ;
Ye labor, but for bliss untrue,
The care and toil are lost.

Go, learn content ! for riches yet
Have never fed the mind ;
Go, learn content ! the coffered wretch
May ne'er enjoyment find.

The costly robe of Tyrian dye,
Oft hides some bosom care ;
And beauty's smile and beauty's wit
Conceal the latent tear.

Art thou obscure? — the bitter cares
Of genius are not thine;
Unknown? — rejoice, for thou art free,
No slave at folly's shrine?

Thine are affection's purest sweets,
And thine is love's caress;
Approving peace within thy heart,
A Providence to bless.

Thine are the beauties of the globe,
The charms that sense allure;
For thee yon azure glories burn,
Say, mortal! art thou *poor*?

The hopes that shine along life's path,
To cheer thee, too, are given;
The Star that points the wanderer's way
Shall lead thee to thy heaven.

And while, lamented by the great,
The rich repose in clay,
Thou, too, wilt seek thy final bed,
And slumber sweet as they.

I CANNOT BUT SIGH.

I cannot but sigh, when the friends of my youth,
Who repaid with fond ardor the love that I gave,
Who tendered their pledge on the altar of truth,
Forgetful return to their rest in the grave.

I cannot but sigh, when the visions of joy,
That rose on gay childhood, and sought to allure,
Like the dreams of the wretched, but smiled to
destroy,
Or adorn the bright sketchings they failed to ensure.

I cannot but sigh, while reviewing the years,
When hope in this bosom beat ardent and high ;
O, Memory ! what art thou ? — a record of tears,
Of meteor-enjoyments, that sparkle and die.

I cannot but sigh, when futurity's scroll
Unfolding, gives sign of no pleasure in store ;
When regret for the past still remains on the soul,
While the present is lost in aspiring to more.

I cannot but sigh, when heart-stricken I scan
The victims of misery that float down the stream ;
And even recounting the bliss of frail man,
I cannot but sigh, for that bliss is a dream.

AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION BUILDINGS; PHILADELPHIA.

I asked the passenger for whom arose
These stately buildings, bold, yet beautiful
In due proportion; speaking to the eye
Of taste and symmetry? — And he replied:
‘ Time was, when knowledge of the Holy One,
His wisdom and perfections, was confined
Unto the hoary. Limited to age
Were things of godliness. Days only spake,
And years held converse with the mysteries
Redemption had disclosed. The aged fed,
And richly fed, on manna; but the child
Knew not of Bethlehem, nor, wondering, heard
The simple story of the manger, nor
Of Him, the Blest, whose early wisdom shamed
The Rabbi; who unto his love took up
Young children, and gave honor unto them
Of Bethphage, when they met the Sufferer
With palm and song. Thus was the mind a blank,
Whereon the devil wrote strange language. Here
His tares the subtle adversary sowed,
And ignorance and wild disorder flourished —
A baneful harvest! Childhood waxed to youth,
Yet knew not God: youth unto manhood grew,
Yet mocked the father’s prayer, and scorned the
mother’s tear.

One* came at length, who, imitating Him —
Israel's kind Shepherd — gently led the young
Out of sin's path, into the narrow way
Of life. And he of the proud look was taught
Humility ; the tongue of blasphemy
Lisp'd Canaan's accents ; stubborn knees were
bowed,
And God's high Sabbath witnessed Wisdom's call
Unto the young. It was a goodly work ;
It prospered ; — 't was His own ! Behold the assem-
bly, now
That throng the Sunday School ! See, on each brow
Dove-like, sit blessedness and joy. Thou hear'st
Their sweet and holy hymn : 't is Jesus' Name
Inspires the melody. To list that song,
Warbled from lips so lovely, well might stir
The flinty heart, and bid the infidel,
Rebuked, with tears cry out, 'Lord, I believe !'
They kneel — the infant worshippers — and they
Prevail in prayer ; for has He not declared,
Those that seek early, early Him shall find ?

Stranger ! this noble pile belongs to God.
'T was given in faith and prayer. Hence flow the
streams
That irrigate the land ; yea, that refresh
The thirsty world. Hence goes the missionary,
To plant God's nurseries, and to the work

* Robert Raikes.

To stimulate His servants. Hence the page
Of sound Instruction, in the winning guise
Of artless story, and the narrative
Of holy children, early loved of God,
And early gathered to the white-robed choir,
Wings its glad way alike unto the hall
Of opulence, and to the low abode
Of poverty. The mighty influence felt,
The fierce has wept, and many a softened heart
Has owned its power; and many a child,
Taught by the little messenger, has looked
From couch of sickness to the Merciful,
Pleading in faith, ' My Father, art not Thou
The Guide and the Preserver of my youth ! '
And thus has fled to glory. Who may tell
In that glad day when God makes up his own,
How many gems in the Messiah's crown
Were gathered by such heralds ! '

PRAISE FOR DELIVERANCE FROM PESTILENCE.

To God, who gave thee joy for tears,
And when it brooded o'er thee so,
Rebuked the cloud that burst in fears,
And on it bent his beauteous bow —
Go, Man ! that didst to judgment feel
Strange nearness, then, and trembled there ;
Go, and before thy Maker kneel
In deepest penitence and prayer.

And Woman ! o'er whose heart has swept
The angel's wing — whose trusted stay
Of hope is fallen, and who 'st wept
O'er joys forever past away —
Spared thus, that thou should'st perish not,
In lowness approach the Power,
So oft invoked, so soon forgot —
That shielded thee in peril's hour.

Child ! to thy mother's joy restored,
In fairest beauty blossoming —
Yield, now, in offering to the Lord,
The budding freshness of thy spring.
For he preserved thee yet below,
And shed upon thee dews of love,
That tall, and strongly, thou mayst grow,
A lovely plant for bowers above,

And ye ! whose dwellings, hedged about,
The stern destroyer passèd by,
Who, when sad voices wailed without,
Within heard not the midnight cry —
Go, with your songs, to him that threw
Salvation round your borders then,
And in that night of horror drew
His curtain o'er ye — troubled men !

Hark, from those beds of pain, a voice —
Hark to the whisper from those graves :
‘ Rejoice with fear, and yet rejoice,
In Him that slays, in Him that saves ! ’
To God, that gave us joy for tears,
To whom our ransomed lives belong ;
To God, that chased away our fears,
We come, with prayer and sound of song.

THE WEST.

O ye, to whom God’s word reveals its privileges
blest,
Who hold the pearl without a price — think, think
upon the West !
And think, as every precious boon of heaven comes
up in view,
Of those that dwelt where now ye dwell, that wor-
shipped once with you.

For we have left our sunbright homes, the scenes
of early day,
Our pleasant hearths, and all we loved, to wander
far away
In wilds where voice of Sabbath bell breaks not
upon the air,
Where lifted not are hands in praise, nor bent the
knee in prayer;
And where come o'er the laboring heart its white-
winged, happy hours,
While warm tears gush, a tribute given to light
that once was ours.
O ye, who prize the heavenly light, lit up within
the breast,
Think what it is to mourn it quenched, — O, think
upon the West

The past! — we fain would dwell upon the pages of
the past,
Though sad it is to read of joys too beautiful to last;
Yet we will yield in thought again unto his fond
caress,
Who listened to our lisping prayer, and said that
God would bless;
Ay, and we feel the mother's kiss, which only she
could give,
When teaching us to bow the heart to Him who
bade us live.

We think, too, of the white-haired man who chid
our careless youth,
And well remember where his lips dropped sacred
words of truth.
And sadly comes to aching thought, with memory's
quickened power,
The Bible class, the Sunday School, and Prayer's
rejoicing hour.
O ye, who revel in their light, who hear the gospel
blest,
Give praise to God, and succor here,—O, think
upon the West!

Here, where tall forests wave their tops, the wild
beast hath his den,
The eagle hath her eyry built, unknown to steps of
men ;
And small birds hang their mossy nests on many a
branching limb,
And yield, at evening's peaceful hour, their pure
and joyous hymn ;
But rise for us no temple walls, nor points the spire
to heaven,
And many faint for Bread of Life, — to break it none
are given !
Oft, too, by men who lust for gain, these solitudes
are trod,
Who cast off fear, refrain from prayer, foes to them-
selves and God ;

The stillness of these lovely vales is broken by their curse ;
By reckless sires the children led, soon wax from bad to worse.
O ye that hail the Sabbath morn, ye with the Bible blest,
Speed, speed the Rose of Sharon here, to blossom in the West !

Valley of the Mississippi.

EPITAPH,

TAKEN FROM A TOMB IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SIENNA ; ITALY.

‘ Wine gives life ! it was death to me. I never beheld the morning sun with sober eyes ; even my bones are thirsty. Stranger, sprinkle my grave with wine ; empty the cup, and depart.’

Even here, where I long vigils keep,
Do thou the goblet fill :
In generous wine these relics steep,
My bones are thirsty still.
Pour out oblations on my grave !
Dost start ? — nay, do not fear,
For of that cup, the maniac slave
Now, powerless, lies here.

Is it not life? Yet unto me
The blight of hope it was:
My years were given to misery;
I curse thee, wine! the cause.
Brighter than morning was my lot,
But serpents wreathed the bowl;
Give me of wine! death quenches not
Thirst that consumes the soul!

Cheerily laughs thy sun? — its beams
Thou welcomest, yet I
Never beheld them, save when dreams
Of madness floated by.
Ay, where in peace dust should recline,
The worm gnaws on my heart;
Sprinkle the feverish turf with wine,
Pour out the cup — depart!

UNION.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNION OF TWO RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Two ranging flocks on Zion's hill
Two shepherds leading them at will,
Like drops that in each other run —
Have mingled heart and soul as one.

Apart, they dwelt in pastures green,
Whose waters mirrored skies serene ;
They knew their shepherd's gentle call,
And the Chief Shepherd knew them all.

Yet, blended now in holy love, —
Resembling the redeemed above,
Whom grace, as one, doth sweetly bind,
And all to God in will and mind, —

Shall they not win yet more renown
For Him they serve who wears the crown ?
So be it Lord ! — for this beseech
Thy throne the taught, and those that teach.

For this with prayer thy Truth they search,
The basis of Messiah's church —
For this, the shepherds and the flock
Ask to be hid in Thee the Rock !

SUMMER.

Summer looks out ! how green and gay
Is earth, how bright her flowers !
'Tis nature's merry holiday,
And these her white-winged hours ;

The winter winds are hushed to rest,
And storms, no more revealing
Their terrors, sleep, — on ocean's breast
The wanton breeze is stealing.

Where's now the frost that chained the brook,
And storm that heaved the sea ?
The wild wind that the forest shook,
The snow that clad the lea ?
Winter ! thou'st fled ! and men rejoice,
And every bird in tune
Puts forth its little warbling voice,
To welcome laughing June.

Thus when on the benighted one,
A weary wanderer driven,
A castaway, unsought, undone,
First shines the peace of heaven —
When the fair Sun of Righteousness
In splendor, brightly glowing,
Breaks through the sundering storm to bless
That heart, to overflowing —

O where's the tempest that had spent
Its fury on the broken ?
For see ! the cloud of anguish, rent,
Reveals the rainbow token.
Lovely when wintry storms depart,
Summer's glad smile to see ;
Lovelier, when feels my drooping heart,
One look, O God ! from thee.

THE THUNDER STORM.

The storm is up ! — along the sky
Swiftly the ebon rack is driven ;
And look ! yon curling cloud floats nigh,
Charged with the panoply of heaven ;
It rends, and gathering to a heap,
Of angry billows takes the form ;
How troubled is that upper deep !
God ! thou art awful in thy storm.

'Tis past — and see ! o'er fields again
Sunbeams their laughing light unfold :
On tower and tree the sparkling rain
Drops like a shower of molten gold ;
On yonder hill-top rests the bow,
The air is redolent of balm ;
How bright is all above, below !
God ! thou art glorious in thy calm.

So when the tempest shrouds my skies,
And grief holds empire in my soul —
I see the desolation rise,
The waves already o'er me roll —
Thou speak'st and like a tender sire
Thou dost thy child's frail fears reprove ;
Lofty art thou when storms retire ;
God ! thou art dearer in thy love.

TRUTH REJECTED.

'To disregard the evidence of truth and excellence in Jesus Christ, is the highest indignity we can show to truth and excellence.' — *Hodge's Way of Life.*

Light shines upon the Eternal Son ; —

The flames were dark on Tabor's brow
Compared with rays that leap and run
And flash and blaze about Him *now* !

He shone not in that 'dazzling' hour

As when sad Kedron saw his loss ;
The 'Voice from Heaven' had not the power
Of his last cry upon the Cross.

The glory lit in Joseph's shed, —

Which Jew and Roman proudly spurned —
Hath, with new life to millions, dead,
Through eighteen centuries waxed and burned.

Then Nature, Reason, Scripture, hear !

Of Him those triad thunders tell ;
How durst thou shut thy stubborn ear,
And yield thee to the sceptic's spell ?

How durst thou lift thy sullen eyes

To such excess of glorious light —
And gaze, and wonder, and despise,
And turn away and ask for night ?

Destruction's swiftly falling rod
Dost thou in madness seek to win ?
Thou needs't not curse a gracious God ; —
Reject his Truth, and crown thy sin !

SARAH H. K.

She was no Cherub, but a Child,
Whose presence was a sweet delight ;
Her cheeks' red rose was almost wild :
Her brilliant eyes were stars of light.

I said she was no Angel, though
Her beauty, sure, was born above ;
She was one made for bliss below,
A soul and form for us to love.

And yet the Giver took his gift,
For barren earth too rich and rare ;
From earth our earnest eyes we'll lift
To Heaven, and gaze upon it there.

And mark her perfect beauty shine,
Where children, early ransomed, bow ;
And wonder at the grace divine
Of her that's more than Angel now !

TO REV. HIRAM BINGHAM;
MISSIONARY AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Pyramids of gorgeous story,
Carve we to the conqueror's name,
Who on fields of gore and glory
Builds his own and country's fame.
Alexander — Bonaparte —
Coals that fire ambition's heart !

Yet, thou Missionary Toiler,
Would I rather win thy crown,
Than the throne of any spoiler
Who has cast a kingdom down.
He on ruined realms would tread —
Thou hast raised one from the dead !

Stands *thy* pyramid where ocean
Sleeps within the tropic climes —
Where the tempests make commotion —
Where the billows wake their chimes —
Shadowing the sultry zone,
In its wondrous tale alone !

Wears the night — Earth's glory surely
Like the murky stars will wane ;
Truth, the sunlight, shall securely,
In meridian splendors reign.
When, forever, shadows flee
Might my morning break with *thee* !

THE CAMP MEETING IN OHIO.

Above us, bends the arch of heaven,
Beneath, is spread the sod,
And from these thousand hearts is given
The stirring hymn to God.

This woodland for his temple claimed,
These trees of lively green,
Its columns, that his fingers framed,
And cast his light between,

Are holy : hark ! the sound of song
Swells up from tent and tree ;
'T is audience-hour, and doth belong
Alone to Deity.

How glorious is this canopy !
And gorgeous daybreak brings
Its curtains, bathed in golden dye,
Wrought for the King of kings.

'T is seemly, with its regal rays,
Thus to pour out to Him
Our songs, before whose throne the blaze
Of burning noon is dim.

'T is beautiful, in such a spot,
To note from lip of men
His praise, where Art's proud dome is not,—
By stream and wooded glen.

And list! from yon white tents, at eve,
Where worshippers are bowed—
The sighs of those for sin that grieve,
Among that waiting crowd.

They rise on evening's wing, that seems
To fan a holier air,
As flows from humble hearts, in streams,
The melody of prayer.

And One draws near this peopled bower,
Who comes in mercy now;
And walks the camp at offering-hour,
Recording every vow.

And at our banquet sitteth He,
Where banners wave above:
We know our Guest, and long to see
More of his heaven of love.

If, bright ones! from your world of gold,
Ye look for aught, in this
Resembling that, this hour behold
Its counterpart of bliss.

More glorious than when morning reigns
In splendor o'er your skies,
More touching than when twilight stains
The clouds with sunset dies —

It is the face to look upon
Of such, new born again;
To mark the glow of victory won,
The peace of passions slain.

Expression of a deep-felt rest,
Wearing the hues of heaven;
It beams the quiet of the blest,
The joy of sin forgiven.

PEACE.

I ask no voice of trumpet tone
To tell of nations overthrown,
Or armies crushed, or ships of pride
Buried by navies in the tide.

I would not laud the valiant dead,
Who vainly for ambition bled;
Nor pledge the loftiest demi-god,
That ever bathed in seas of blood.

The clarion cry to me doth tell
Of all that's blessedness, the knell;
Yon standards, sprinkled o'er the plain,
Wave brightly — 't is to fold the slain.

I love thee, O, my native land!
I love thy sons, a brother band;
Thy rocks, and hills, and vales, to me,
Are temples of the truly free.

Long be they such! and death to him
That seeks thy altar's light to dim!
Chastisement to the footstep prest
Rudely upon thy virgin breast!

Yet never would I speed thee on
To bootless fight, nor, warfare won,
Invoke for thee undying fame,
Or deck with coronals thy name.

'T is Pride that leads its hosts to die
Where war-drums roll and banners fly;
'T is base Revenge would honor heal
With murderous bairn and deadly steel.

Curst be the song whose sparkling cheer
Is stolen from the orphan's tear;
Perish your laurels, O ye brave!
They flourish only on the grave.

O Thou, whose Name, when heaven stood still
To hear, was breathed on Judah's hill — *
Come ! and with gladness in thy train,
Visit a weeping world again.

THE 'PEACEMAKER.'

Occasioned by the calamity on board the war-ship Princeton, March, 1844, by which two members of the Cabinet, among others, were instantly killed.

The question discussing : ' Shall Britain, or we,
The acres possess that fringe yonder South sea ?'
To pen, diplomatic, the Englishman runs ;
His logic, raw Jonathan shows in his guns.

Invention is taxed and an ' argument ' made,
That Cruelty shames in its murderous trade ;
' With right or with wrong we'll have nothing to do,
For Oregon's ours if the Peacemaker's true ! '

Keel ! swiftest of all that in brine ever dips —
Deck ! proudest among our American ships —
Receive the munition ! and bid her in thunder
Proclaim that we will not, we *cannot* knock under !

* On earth, Peace, Good Will to men. — *Song of the Angels.*

And hasten, ye gentlemen ! hasten ye fair !
Be Senators, Captains, and Citizens there ;
For lo ! that our Peacemaker's more than a boast,
The Head of the Nation will prove in a toast.

But woman ! soft woman ! her bosom the throne
Of Pity, will she the poor pageantry own ?
O yes, where are epaulettes, she has no dread,
And the sex, like the peacock, is dazzled with red.

The 'Peacemaker' spoke — and the men of our pride
Sunk down at the summons, and instantly died.
She gave, in her prowess, of battle a 'speck,'
And made of our noblest and wisest, a wreck.

And wherefore, survivors ! complain of your *friend* ?
She was formed for destruction and answered her
end ;

Her days were not many — she killed but a few ;
And are not those sufferers sufficient for you ?

Or grieve ye, when bursting her sides out for vent,
Her wrath was not rather on Englishmen spent ?
What a pity those splinters of death were not hurled
Where in conflict our cannon confronted the world !

Then the rough hurtling iron that rained as from hell,
Would have slain, not a brother, but foe as it fell ;
And who of the glory can reckon the sum
One shot gathers up at the tap of the drum !

The tears of the orphan, the groans of the wife,
Then were matters of course, for such follow the
strife ;

And who could be deeply distrest at the woes
That war might inflict on our national foes ?

Ye sages — ye *children* ! in things that concern
Humanity's rights, 't is time that ye learn ;
Ye have felt in your madness of folly the rod —
Be wise ! and believe it the voice of a God.

If ' war is the pastime,' or has been, ' of kings,'
Let their truculent subjects reap duly its stings ;
But *we* — free from thrones — should not *always* be
ruled

By men whom Ambition has ever befooled !

WHAT IS DEATH ?

I asked the laughing, bright-haired boy,
As he bounded on in his innocent joy ; —
His eye with accustomed lustre shone,
To him it was a word unknown.

I asked the fair, as she flew along
The mazy dance, to the sound of song ;
She paused not on her giddy way,
She answered not, but turned away.

I asked the man of silvery hairs,
As he tottered on with years and cares ;
He shook his head, and was eager yet
To bear that load and Death forget.

The toiling fool, as he past me by,
With hurried step and anxious eye,
I askèd next, and heard a groan
From his hoarded heaps, but of answer, none.

I bent me o'er the bed of death,
And asked as I watched the passing breath ;
But by the foe that heart was crushed,
The voice of reply was forever hushed.

I searched amid the place of tombs,
And fearfully asked of its silent glooms ;
' Surely, surely, ye can tell,
None are so drear, none know so well.'

' O, tell me, sepulchres ! ' I said,
And Echo answered from the dead ;
I only heard among the trees
By the hollow graves, the moaning breeze.

In tears I sought the Bible then,
And saw, writ by Jehovah's pen :
' To the wicked 't is undying pain,
To the righteous 't is eternal gain.'

PAPIST CORPORATIONS.

The subjects of the Pope, in Boston, have applied to the Legislature of Massachusetts for an act of incorporation for the 'St. Mary's Mutual Benevolent Catholic Total Abstinence Society,' with power to hold property to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. One hundred and twenty thousand dollars are already vested in, and held by, other corporate Papist bodies in this State. Plain spoken and honest members of the General Court are asking, 'why does a Temperance Society need all this money?' The questioners are referred to the following.

We have no Smithfields, where to burn
The Ridleys, Rogers, who wont turn
And swear, that in a piece of bread,
Lies, snugly sconced, the Church's Head.

We 've no tribunals, where the lash
Kindly subdues the temper, rash ;
No dungeon, rack, nor cold sharp steel,
The heretic's disease to heal.

Nor joyous spectacle, free cost, —
Auto-da-fe of villains, lost ; —
Not that the Church has altered — No !
But Yankees could not bear the show.

They 're sensitive ! and would not laugh
To see their infants burn like chaff ;
To rip up mothers, too, would shock
The vagabonds of Plymouth Rock.

On pikes no longer may we toss
The head that mocks the *real* Cross ;
Nor tear hearts out, that wont take in
The Virgin's tooth and Pilate's shin.

Shorn of our locks, 't is not for us,
With oaths, beyond red hell's, to curse
The scum who worship not, as we,
The Fisherman of Galilee.

What shall we do ? — The Holy Church,
So blessegèd, pure, is in a lurch ;
Rally ! ye Faithful ! — do and dare,
For him who fills St. Peter's chair.

The ashes of our 'convent' cry :
'Up, Roman Catholics, or die !'
We're up ! — these knaves shall wear our collar,
If virtue 's in the 'Almighty Dollar.'

Societies, as thick as mice,
Shall swarm among us, in a trice ;
The clowns who in yon State House sit,
Shall be our tools, if we have wit.

A few more charters from them wrung,
By lying look and oily tongue —
And we, in blessegèd Patrick's strength,
Will rise, and 'sack' and 'burn,' at length.

STANZAS AT BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS.

In Beverly the building
I sought the other day,
Where forty years ago, my sire
His Infant gave away.
I sought it, for I coveted,
Where he had placed his foot,
My own, in deep humility,
And filial love, to put.

I entered it — most holy
Appeared the house of prayer,
Yet more than common holiness
Its beauty seemed to wear; —
For there the waters bathed me,
And solemn words were said,
And Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Invoked upon my head.

Of all the congregation
Who looked in reverence on,
The elders and the blooming youth —
Each worshipper was gone.
And he, with hairs of winter,
Whose office 't was to lave
My baby brow, and name my name,
Was hidden in the grave.

What years have past, of sorrow,
That hour and this between !
What moments of enjoyment, I
That interval have seen !
I wept that I had measured
The half of being's track ;
I smiled that worlds were poor to bribe
The weary pilgrim back.

I sighed, that in the journey
Where blessings are so few,
For even the most favored, I
But scanty portion knew.
And chiefly in the season
Of confidence and pride,
My youth was forced the dangerous way
Without my earthly guide.

Where is my sainted father,
Who took me in his arms,
And held me to the minister,
And kissed away alarms ?
I feel his presence near me,
He blesses me once more, —
Ay, where he gave me up to God,
Just forty years before.

SONG OF THE RESCUED.

WRITTEN FOR JOHN B. GOUGH.

I was lost by the winds on a treacherous wave ;
Above me was peril, beneath me a grave ;
The sky, to my earnest inquiry, was dark ;
The storm in a deluge came down on my bark ;
How fearful ! to drive on a horrible shore,
Where breakers of Ruin eternally roar.

O, mercy ! to wreck in the morning of days, —
To die when life dazzles with changeable rays, —
To sink as the grovelling and vile of the ship,
The rose on my cheek, and the dew on my lip —
And fling, as a bauble, my soul to the heaps
That glisten and mock from the caves of the deeps.

O, no ! for a Star trembles out in the sky,
The shrieks of the ocean complainingly die,
The gales that I covet blow fresh from the shore
Where breakers of Ruin eternally roar ;
Each sail presses homeward, — all praises to Thee,
Whose word in that hour hushed tempest and sea !

THE BIBLE SHIP.

Fling out our banners to the breeze !
Be every sail unfurled !
Our ship must cleave the farthest seas,
And search the heathen world.

Pipe up all hands ! — the boatswain's cry
Rang never cheer like this ;
We're off — we proudly rise on high,
And stoop to the abyss.

Speed on ! — We steer for lovely isles,
Where lies of guilt the ban —
And sunny continents, where smiles
Each gladsome thing, but man.

Let Africa, the clime of night,
And shores by Chinese trod,
Be glad for us ! we bring true light —
The priceless word of God.

Speed on the King's discovery ship !
She seeks no vassal ground ;
Nor scans the varying needle's dip —
The lost, the lost is found !

Speed on ! speed on ! — a thousand sail
Are flapping on the mast,
For dark lands soon to breast the gale,
God's Bible there to cast.

Speed on ! speed on ! — the broad blue deeps
Shall hastening heralds bear
To every pagan coast, where weeps
A soul in sin's despair.

O God, to see their canvass speck,
Like birds, the distant seas !
O God, to see each noble deck
Thronged by the feet of these !

OBEY YOUR PARENTS.

Two brothers once, of merry mood,
Were sporting in their simple play,
When, chafed and furious from the wood,
A lion roared against his prey.

Between them and the help they claimed,
Was interposed a lofty wall ;
And hark ! beyond it, each is named —
It is the anxious father's call :

' O, children haste ! ye shall not fail
Of safety with your sire and friend ;'
' Folly,' said one, ' for us to scale
Yon stones, which men can scarce ascend.'

'See you not that so rough the path,
So high the wall, its topmost stone
Ere we could gain, the beast, in wrath,
Might rend and break us bone by bone.'

'I,' said the other, 'come what may,
Will not despise our father's call;
'T is safest always to obey,—
I'll strive to climb yon lofty wall.'

He ran, and saw, when drawing nigh,
A *ladder* reaching from its height;
Safe now, he turned a wistful eye,
His mangled brother met his sight.

THE LIAR'S MONUMENT.

Devizes* hath a pillar, that on high
Erects its head, in memory of a lie.
The record, too, of wrath that ever burns
Against the wretch who Heaven's commandment
spurns.

Its date is ancient. Time had flung his pall
Around the stones that nodded to their fall;—
Till lately one, who deemed such pile should stand,
And speak, for ages, to a heedless land,

* England.

Thanks to his bounty ! let it not be lost —
Repaired the structure at a princely cost.
The little child, the man of wintry years,
The youth and maid regard it, and each fears
And shudders at its story. Questions he,
The traveller, its purpose ? — tongues are free
(The tale is common) to make quick reply.
The tale is true — and be Good Influence nigh,
To print it deeply, friend ! on you and I.
Where hundreds, weekly, meet to buy and sell,
Of welfare ask, and tidings hear and tell,
A woman chaffered at the market stall
One day for grain, — a half-pence worth in all.
The barley measured, given, and unpaid,
The just demand she studied to evade,
And, challenged for the money, still replied,
' I gave it dame ! ' which yet the dame denied.
Till, reckless as 't would seem, she rashly said ;
' If I paid not, may God now strike me dead ! '
Heaven took the culprit at her awful word,
For holy anger at such guilt was stirred.
Scarce ceased her speech, when, like Sapphira's,
came
The bolt of vengeance, winged with viewless flame.
No thunder muttered o'er the cloudless sky ;
No forked lightning flashed Indignant 'by ;
Unseen the messenger that called away,
And forced the naked spirit to obey ;
The bold blasphemer, stricken in her pride,
Sunk instantly to earth, and gasped, and died,

Such vindication of insulted Law,
Shook, like a tenfold trumpet, those who saw !
Its own dumb witness clamored — dumb, yet true,
As all acknowledged, when exposed to view,
Clutched in her palm, the piece of silver lay,
For which the sinner lied her soul away.
Here sunk and died ! — the cause of Truth how well
He who is Truth asserts, this monument shall tell.

MRS. SARAH LANMAN SMITH.*

ON VISITING HER FORMER HOME, AT NORWICH, CT.
NOVEMBER, 1843.

Of all her sex, whom Love hath shrined,
The pure, the prized above the rest,
There 's few, like her, who so combined
The equal gifts that make the best.

For wisdom, in her, gently led
The ardor of a pious heart ;
And quiet meekness lustre shed
On graces, borrowed not from art.

This house, that breathes a heavenly air —
These parents, in their mild Decay —
Invite to soothing tears and prayer ;
'T is good to weep, 't is good to pray.

* Wife of Rev. Eli Smith, missionary at Beyroot.

Her portrait speaks from yonder frame ;
Her presence lingers with these flowers ;
Her song falls on the heart — the same
That charmed in well-remembered hours.

In this sweet home her virtues grew ;
The sacred fireside formed her mind ;
O, world astray ! she lived for you,
And nobly perished for mankind.

Earth's brilliant nothings come and go :
What deep oblivion wraps their graves !
She sickened — Syria felt the blow ;
She died — the Druzes yet are slaves.

EVERLASTING CONTEMPT.

'To shame and everlasting contempt.' — *Daniel*.

What is it — on ' that dreadful Day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,' —
To quit a grave that's wrapt in flame,
And rise to everlasting shame ?

From mortal scorn, in these poor years
That measure out my term of tears,
I may not be — for Christ — exempt,
But everlasting deep contempt,

Poured out on me by spirits, bad,
The thought would make a spirit mad.
Its deep deep meaning but to tell
Would be experience of Hell.

To feel that all of endless wo
The sentenced reprobate can know,
All that of agony is born
Is dropt within my cup of scorn !

To feel, in depths of blackest night,
A finger points me out to sight ;
Points, mid my prison's flaming glare,
In redder index, my despair !

And O, to think, where seraphs rise,
On me are fixed their calm sweet eyes,
In starry beauty scorning me,
Dark creature of impurity !

All, all of suffering's awful cup
The spirit may indeed drink up,
Yes, beg the draught to be exempt
From everlasting deep contempt.

THE CHURCH.

Yes, she has risen in her strength;
The Church! the Church of God
Puts on her robes, and walks at length
Where her great Captain trod.
Her path is by the barren rock,
Her path is through the sea;
He's in the desert with his flock,
And in the deep is He.

I trace her in the floating Ark;
In Abraham's lonely tent;
And in the upper chamber, where
The Comforter was sent.
And while her troublers and their deeds
Pass on, and are entombed,
I see her towering — by the fire
Encompassed, not consumed.

Through persecution's martyr-flame,
Through famine, scathe, and fears,
Through foul reproach, and scorn, and shame,
And blood, and bitter tears —
Still onward, onward, is her way;
In weakness waxing strong;
Her proud device the Star of Day,
And Victory her song.

I see her toils, abroad, at home,
From tropic to the pole,
Wherever swells a pagan dome,
Or weeps a human soul.
The temple crumbles at her might ;
The soul to Christ is given ;
And where hung out the pall of night,
Now cluster beams of heaven.

With principalities she wars ;
With Satan's leaguing powers ;
She scales his heights, and plants her foot
Upon his tallest towers.
And fall before her trumpet's blast
The Dagons of renown ;
And at her stern rebuke are cast
The shrine and priesthood down.

And not one banner of her train
In slumber may be furled —
Nor shall the sword return again,
Drawn out to free a world —
Not till her empress-step is found
Where'er is found the ban ;
Nor till her cohorts tread each ground
Where lingers fallen man.

As the small dust is to the globe,
As rain-drops to the sea,
So is her glorious Past, to what
Her Coming yet shall be !

'Ask, and I'll give,' saith God, 'for spoil
The heathen to my Son;
Fruit of his travail and his toil,
Conceived, and dared, and done.'

FOR MY CHILD'S TESTAMENT.

'Every hour
I read you, kills a sin,
Or lets a virtue in
To fight against it.'

Izaac Walton.

Thou hast no treasure like to this,
A staff below, a guide to bliss,
A way so plain that none may miss.
Without whose aid thou canst not die;
With which, thou 'lt tread the upper sky.
I counsel thee to dig this field,
Which fruit a thousand fold will yield:
To toil in this unfailing mine,
Where chrysolites and jewels shine:
To draw from this fresh springing well,
Whose living waters rise, and swell
In streams, refreshing in the wild.
O, love this Book of books, my child!

THE GRAVE.

God, who giveth us the victory. — *Paul.*

It is a thought of noble joy ;
Grave ! where 's thy terror now ?
Thy reptile may these limbs destroy,
Thy damps crowd on this brow —
Yet is God's arm beneath my head,
He holds the ashes of the dead.

'T is but his voice of love that calls ;
How privileged to die,
When Mercy breaks these ruined walls,
And gently puts us by !
My God will lay this dust away,
Spirit ! thou 'lt find it in his day.

Then crumble, flesh ! my soul, long pent,
The prisoner of sin —
Sees, joyfully, through every rent,
New glories bursting in.
He that spoke out the world, is skilled
This house in beauty to rebuild.

Now unto me, O sunlit tomb !
Thou dost invitings wear,
For since the Conqueror pierced thy gloom
Has victory sparkled there.
Jesus has strewed thy couch of balm
With Resurrection's holy charm.

MISSIONARIES FOR INDIA.

They go — for sincere is the glad consecration
That sends them far hence with the Gentiles to
dwell,
And build up His kingdom, whose precious salva-
tion
Spoils death of its sting, of its victory hell.
Beyond the wild storm and the dark heaving ocean
They go to the beautiful land of the sun,
In whose groves and sweet valleys reigns passion's
commotion ;—
Whose plants must be gathered, whose dwellers
be won.

There, dead to the world, its allurements and glory,
The toil of the teacher they'll meekly assume ;
And patiently tell to the pagan the story
Of the manger, the garden, the cross and the
tomb.

And far, far away from the home of their childhood,
They 'll watch and they 'll wander, as duty shall
call, —
On wastes and on waters, by jungle and wildwood,
Unfriended, unshielded, yet strengthened in all.

In Idolatry's temples they 'll speak of His merits ;
In Zayats shall mention be made of his love ;
Till in labors they sink, and their sin-wearied spirits
Leave earth for the holiness centred above.

Do they falter? O no! for in Him all victorious
O'er sickness, and sorrow, and death they will be;
In tears and in trembling they plant, but how
glorious
The harvest of souls that already they see!

They go; though to them while as aliens forsaking
Their country and kindred, the future is dim—
They know when on beams of eternity waking,
They'll find more than country and kindred in
Him.

They climb the tall vessel—and why doth emotion
That swells in each heart, of regretttings yet
tell?—

Because they have not, for *one* life of devotion,
Ten thousand for Him who has loved them so
well.

They leave us for time, and we them now committing
To Him who trod greatly the billows of old,

Entreat that us, severed—His will so permitting—
In life, may be finally one in His fold.

O Jesus! who wept in the days of thy sorrow
With those that were weepers, thou chidest not
now;

Though in tears to-day parting, there's hope for
the morrow;

That hope and that joy and fruition art Thou!

THE BOATMAN OF THE WEST.

Boatman! upon the stormy lake,
Or on the river's dancing crest,
Whose cheerful song and whistle wake
The echoes of the West —
Suspend thy toil and list to me,
I have a kindly word for thee.

Though far removed, perhaps, art thou
From those that watched thy early day,
And from thy native mountains now
A wanderer away,
From vales that saw thy childhood's dawn,
From the sweet home where thou wast born :

Though broader lands have lured thy feet,
And richer pastures have thee won,
And mightier streams than ever greet
New England's hardy son —
Yet should'st thou here thy God forget?
Sojourner, dost thou serve him yet?

And thou! upon thy native lakes,
Ohio's free and fearless child, —
Whose footstep, distant floods and brakes
From home have never wiled —
Suspend thy labor, list to me,
I have a word of peace for thee.

I 've heard of vigorous men that ply
The oar, and those that urge the steam,
Whose toiling barks, adventurous, fly
O'er western lake and stream, —
Who mock at sense of sin and shame,
And flout and scorn their Maker's Name.

Methinks, as they their vessels guide
Along those depths of lovely blue
That wind 'mid hills and prairies wide,
And landscapes ever new —
Their thoughts would easily give birth
To thanks for such a glorious Earth !

Methinks, that at the noble hymn
Sent up from every dell and wood
That line his path, when stars grow dim,
Charming the solitude —
The notes of man's superior song
Would rise above that quiring throng.

And where a God has beauty sown
With gracious and unsparing hand,
And in exuberance has thrown
His fatness o'er the land —
That men with corresponding care
Would render back the need of prayer.

Yes, that they would bethink them too
Of love that woke when they did sleep :
A mother's love — so holy, true,
So early, quiet, deep —
And with that tender thought, abjure
The sin her heart might not endure.

Bethink, too, of the aged sire,
Whose step is frail, whose hair is gray ;
Who often at the evening fire,
At table and at play —
Dropt kind instruction for their youth,
And gently won their way to truth

Yet, not these thoughts, nor charms that lie,
Exuberant, on every side,
Will lift pure glances to the sky,
Or humble human pride —
Unless the grace that can renew,
Shall enter, and that pride subdue.

Boatman on river and on lake !
Rejoice — such toil's for thee begun ;
Men of the Cross their journey take
Toward the setting sun —
Their hymn those inland seas shall cheer ;
Of righteousness the floods shall hear.

For Nature, at the Maker's call
Poured freely forth those matchless streams,
And scooped those vales, and decked them all
 Beyond a poet's dreams —
That they might fitting temples be
Of worship for the truly free.

TO THE DESCENDANT OF THE PILGRIMS.

Thou boastest of a glorious stock,
 Of high ancestral fame,
The Pilgrims of the Plymouth Rock —
 Old men of reverend name ;
Thou boastest of the proud race, sprung
 From loins, renowned as theirs, —
That benisons are sown among
 These heritors of prayers.

'T is well — yet some few centuries up,
 Trace thou thy fathers, nor
Shrink, though they offered 'Voden's cup,
 And victims slew to Thor !
The mysteries of that Druid age —
 So horrible — dost learn ?
What read'st thou on that pagan page,
 That makes thy flushed cheek' burn ?

Look at *our* heathen — base as thou
Dost that poor outcast hold,
Heaven sees him not more abject now,
Than was thy sire of old :
And He who quenched those fires that o'er
The Briton's altar curled,
Can gently bow the myriad hearts
Of the dark idol world.

Methinks that tears for his lorn lot,
And answer to his plea,
Thou 'lt give, when thou rememberest what
Religion's wrought for thee.
The noble plan to send its light
To him, thou 'lt not reject,
Lest e'en the Anglo-Saxon's night
Reprove thy deep neglect.

THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

There was a Shepherd, once, whose tender care
Was ever o'er his flock. By night and day
He watched and guarded them. In pastures led
Them carefully, and when they thirsted, he
Brought them to the clear waters. Him, they loved
To follow, and would fondly lick his hand,
In sign of strong attachment.

All, but one, —
A sheep that ever frowardly did rove,
And heeded not the Shepherd. Kindness, he
Lavished in vain, for she would have her will,
And neither heard his voice nor loved his step.
Her master, seeing all endeavor vain,
To win her from her wanderings, took her lamb,
But, gently — in his arms, and went his way.
Immediately, the sheep, submissive, followed.

Mother! that weepest for thy little babe,
Taken, to win thy wayward step to Heaven —
Say, *Was the shepherd cruel?* /

THE MISSION SHIP.

That Ship! that Ship! why on her way
Doth thought so fondly linger still?
High o'er her bows the surges play,
Her sails the urging breezes fill —

She pushes nobly through the foam;
That Ship! that Ship! why cluster there
Remembrances of love and home,
And early joys and hours of prayer?

That Ship! that Ship! she hath with her
Hearts strongly linked within our heart,
Names that awake its kindly stir —
God speed them! — yet 'twas hard to part.

She hath with her our cherished child —
A brother, sister, treads her deck :
Part of ourselves are on the wild
Wide waves, the field of many a wreck.

Their gaze ! their gaze ! we see it yet —
What years were in that earnest look !
The expression we may not forget,
As eye from eye the farewell took.

'Twas something of Earth's love, but much
Of Heaven lit up each beaming face,
The look of holiness, and such
As speaks unwonted inward grace.

That Ship ! she left us yesterday, —
Our words were few, but tears were given ; —
Last sobs, last looks, — she's on her way,
And we have left them all with Heaven !

The sea reflects her silver track,
Our steps to silent home are bent ;
Yet would we never beckon back
The messengers that God hath sent.

That Ship ! that Ship ! what teeming clouds
Of blessings wrap her as she sails !
What prayers attend her, as she crowds
Her canvass to propitious gales,

That beautifully may be found
Glad feet on many an idol hill ;
Till Sharon's roses cheer that ground,
And streams of Life those valleys fill !

THE YOUNG CONVERT.

A couple once, — the followers, in name,
Of Him, who meekly bore our sin and shame, —
Lived in our county. Decent, thrifty, they
Were wedded to the world. No one could say
They were not sober ; did not pay their dues ;
Or alms to worthy Want would e'er refuse.
At church, they always filled th' accustomed place,
Hoping to gain some influence, if not grace.
And thus they lived, as thousands live, whose care
Is bent on earth, nor seeks to heaven in prayer.
Content, if for this world 't was theirs to thrive,
Dead, thus to be, — in name alone alive.
One son was theirs — a boy, that had fourteen
Joyous, and bright, and thoughtless suminers seen.
Of generous impulse, open as the day, —
The father's pride, the mother's future stay,
Yet found not in the safe and narrow way.
Till grace came down, in unexpected hour,
And touched his bosom with resistless power ;
And bade him look upon his misspent time,
Taken from Him, who asks the morning's prime ;

And bade him see his young affections given
To childish folly, — yes, to all, but Heaven.
Thought woke. — A dreadful sound was in his ears ;
It told of stain, not to be washed by tears ;
Of debt, heaven's pitying angels could not pay,
Of guilt, hell's fires could never purge away.
Looked he without ? — without was blank despair ;
Within ? — the Spirit's arrow quivered there.
Alarmed, convicted, whither should he fly ?
'T was midnight — yet he felt the Omniscient eye
Rest on his sins. Upon their ' crimson ' shone
The searching beams of the discerning throne.
He trembled, wept, and rose, and sought the room
Where slept his parents. Troubled for his doom,
He stood. His earnest knock roused them from
 sleep ;
They heard him softly sigh, they heard him weep ;
And, ' Father ! Mother ! rise,' they heard him say.
' For my poor wretched soul, rise up and pray ! '
It took them by surprise. How could *they* ask
Mercy in prayer, to whom prayer was a task ?
What knew they of the sickness of the soul,
Who felt no need — who deemed that they were
 whole ?
They waived his plea, and soothed the anxious boy,
And slumber urged, that should such thoughts
 destroy.
Reluctant, yet obedient, back to bed
He went, yet not to rest, for rest had fled.

Morn came — the day passed on — no kindly word
Or how he fared, the youth, awakened, heard.
No father asked what sorrow moved his heart,
No mother, had he sought the better part?
Unwatched, uncounselled, silently he trod
The house, that day, — left to himself and God.
Buried in sleep, at night's hushed hour, once more,
His parents lay. — A knock is at the door!
A voice! — it is their child! — but changed in tone,
From sorrow's note, it seemed like pleasure's own.
Once more they roused to hear their little son
Weep at the door; yet not, as late, undone.
No tears of anguish now! With joy he cries,
'Rise, my dear father! — rise, dear mother! rise,
And help me praise! and higher praises sound —
For I, this night, have a sweet Saviour found!'

THE MEN OF PLYMOUTH.

ON RECEIVING FROM MY BROTHER A PIECE OF THE PLYMOUTH ROCK.

For this, from granite cliffs that hem
The Old Bay State, my brother! thanks; —
I prize it more than curious gem,
Or cluster from the coral banks.
It minds me of the love I knew
In boyish days, and speaks of you.

This fragment, from New England's shore,
Of noble spirits telleth me ;
I see them now ! those men of yore —
The elder sons of Liberty !
They tread this soil as once they trod, —
Exiles for chainless Mind and God.

These are the iron men that broke
The ground where Indian war fires curled ;
These spurned the princely, priestly yoke —
These are the fathers of a world.
Ye men of God's own image, say !
Can glorious men thus pass away !

No, never ! — Send expansive sight
From Labrador to Carib's sea —
That vision, so sublime and bright,
Of regions teeming with the Free,
Shows but the influence of the men
Who sought the sands of Plymouth then.

A thousand spires that point above,
A thousand towns where plenty reigns, —
A people, knit by virtuous love,
Who course those streams and till those plains ;
We point to these, and proudly cry
Can Minds that wrought such doing, die ?

No, never! — Each traditioned spot
Tells where they wept, or sank to rest;
Yet were such silent, or forgot
The place their pilgrim footsteps pressed —
Their name should live, nor Time would mock
The record of the Plymouth Rock.

TO THE DONOR OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS;

Vested in the publications of the American S. S. Union, and given to destitute Sunday Schools, in Washington County, Maine, in the year 1844. [Since which, the same individual has doubled his benefaction, by appropriating five hundred dollars for the destitute Sunday Schools in Aroostook County.]

Where the Eastern forests stand,
Crowning hill and fringing lake —
Where the rivers kiss the land,
Old familiar voices break ; —
In sweet prayers and hymns, the rule
Telling of the Sunday School.

From the cottage, hid in valley,
From the farm's industrious hive,
Little feet are quick to rally, —
Every landscape is alive.
Hundreds, to the gentle rule,
Hastening, of the Sunday School.

Pleasant 'tis, in holy time,
To behold the children thus ;
How it sends us back to prime,
When the world was young with us !
Only *we* knew not the rule
Of the joyful Sunday School.

Pleasant is it to the sight
Thus to see these roses gem
Wildernesses dark as night ;
Making deserts glad for them.
Pleasant, in these wilds, the rule
Of the crowded Sunday School.

Enter ! what a treasure-nest !
What uncounted wedges here !
Ophir never such possest ;
These are pearls without a peer !
Every precious one shall last
Till the days of God are past.

Every starry one shall shine
With its myriads, yet alone,
Where the bow of Love divine,
Circles the Almighty's throne ; —
Or of utter darkness tell,
Set upon the brow of Hell.

Who shall mighty Mind prepare?
Who its hidden ore unlock?
Show it what its perils are?
Lead it unto safety's Rock?
Only Wisdom may impart
Wisdom to the longing heart.

Who shall unto Childhood's gaze
Open her attractive book,
Where or Vice, or Virtue's phase
They shall truly see, that look?
Who shall scatter gracious seed,
Doing Mercy's work indeed?

Mercy's labor, *blessed one!*
Is attempted thus by Thee:
For Eternity is done
Labor, Time is scant to see, —
Whose results, to tell the tale,
E'en Eternity must fail!

A MOTHER.

To be a Mother, is for her,
To taste of more delight,
Than when the little traveller,
Her babe, first met her sight.

It is to welcome one to earth
That may hereafter shine
With children of the second birth,
In blessedness, divine.

To be a Mother, is to know
Much of enduring pain,
Lest that sweet blossom, cherished so,
May ne'er true life obtain.
It is to bow in agony,
And wet her couch with tears :
And send up broken sighs, and be
Distrest with many fears.

To be a Mother, is to trace,
As Childhood's years revolve,
His path ; and still, when on his face
Sits Manhood's high resolve —
Still painfully, yet pleasingly,
As fair he seems to sight —
To guard and guide, unceasingly,
His faltering steps aright.

To be a Mother, for his ease,
Is now no care to take ;
Yes, thou must bid him cross the seas,
And toil for Jesus' sake !
And bid him lay his strength and youth,
And all that 's pride of thine,
Upon the altar of the truth, —
The Missionary's shrine.

To be a Mother, in this day
Of Satan's constant loss,
Is to send forth to glorious fray
A warrior of the Cross.
It is, to be forgotten here;
Yet gaining honor, true,
Such as the Roman matron, ne'er,
Who bore the Gracchi, knew.

To be a Christian mother, *now*,
Is to prepare a gem
To sparkle on the Saviour's brow, —
First, in his diadem.
A soul, that 's in his blood made white,
Transformed by sovereign grace,
And set, at last, with sons of light,
Where God appoints a place.

O blest! — in holy hope, to rear
A spirit for the skies, —
Which, when the planets disappear,
In excellence shall rise.
O blest! — to see His face, that day,
Which flesh can't see, and live, —
And, 'Here am I,' with gladness say
'And children, Thou didst give.'

THE TENT.

Written after worshipping in the tent, at Columbus, New Jersey; the region around which, was the scene of David Brainerd's labors.

Spread wings, Jehovah Jesus now,
Where swells this sylvan dome for thee !
And graciously thy heavens bow
In answer to such dust as we.
And as the Hebrew tribes of old
In tents like this with thee did meet,
Let thy descending glories fold
Us, who would touch the Mercy Seat.

Here, where our snowy canvass springs
So light and graceful from the glade,
May mind, above Earth's little things
Go up, where mind has treasure laid.
And while our tabernacle's hymn
And prayer are offered, let the tear
Of penitence these eyelids dim,
And sighs reveal that Thou art here !

'T is sacred ground — this green retreat,
Where tears of solemn, strange delight
Flowed once, when Thou didst kindly meet
With him whose faith is changed to sight ;

And holier unction from above
Is here upon our warm hearts laid,
And loftier, purer is the love
That glows where BRAINERD wept and prayed.

Come, Lord ! for praise is lingering still,
Where small birds lift their tiny voice,
The murmuring bee, the babbling rill,
Seem conscious of Thee, and rejoice.
And these sequestered scenes invite
Thought from this world's bewildering hum,
To search the skies, and in the light
Of Truth discern the world to come.

These rounded hills, these sloping vales,
These woods in Summer's gorgeous dress,
This pleasant sun, these balmy gales —
All tell thy willingness to bless.
Then come ! and fill this waiting place,
And let us thy Salvation see ;
And sweet and awful with thy grace
These woods, and hills, and vales will be.

THE FIREMEN'S HYMN.

At midnight's calm and careless hour,
When gentle dreams the slumberer claim,
To startle from their pleasing power,
And grapple with the bursting flame —
To hear without, the rush of feet,
And trumpet's deep appalling din ;
To madly strive, and no retreat
To find from burning death within : —

A wife's imploring agony !
A cry from childhood's distant room !
O, gracious God ! for wings to fly
And save them from the raging doom.
Relief is near ! the Fireman's grasp
Is on them, and his ready arm
Has borne the living from the clasp
Of Death, and wife and babe from harm.

The tear of gratitude, the joy
Of giving joy to keen despair,
— Earth's only cup without alloy —
Are known and felt, not *spoken* there.
And these are ours ! O Thou, may we
Look ever to the Fountain, whence
All mercy flows, and learn of Thee,
Who art thyself, Benevolence.

THE SOUL'S SICKNESS.

Into this 'breathing world'
A moulded form I came,
Stamped with the image of my God,
And my first parents' shame.

A helpless, puling babe ;
A sentient, soaring mind ;
A body, asking swathes and bands,
A spirit, none could bind.

The limbs and sinews, strength
Acquiring day by day ;
The soul, on which, as days increased,
Increasing sickness lay.

For all that frame was fair,
The eye, its window, bright, —
Yet One who looked within, saw there
The soul, opaque as night ; —

And saw, beneath the skin,
And the pulses' even beat,
And the red-rose cheek and cheerful eye,
Disease's secret seat.

The world saw not the token,
Where God saw nought beside —
Nor knew it that 'the wheel was broken,'
And ebbing was life's tide.

Be sure the heavy heart
May sink with burden sore :
And the world's gay flood shall onward sweep
As coldly as before !

Years flew, and swiftly flew
My feet in folly's maze :
And still Religion sweetly sung,
' Beware of evli days !'

And syren Pleasure sung ;
Her song had witching power
To heighten the delicious joy,
And soothe the troubled hour.

A thousand heralds came ;
I said, ' for this time, cease !'
A thousand steel-bright arrows past ; —
They could not slay my peace.

Yet conscience, from the whirl
Withdrew, at times, in fear ;
At times, my sleepless pillow
Was wetted with a tear.

Art thou, my soul — so proud —
All leprosy within?
Thy only fitting, loathsome place,
The lazarus-house of sin?

'I thought upon my ways ;'
My sickness, then, I knew ;
'Inalienable heritage' —
My own — what shall I do !

I heard a gracious call,
I heard a gracious knock, —
I knew Him ! for sweet myrrh was on
The handles of the lock.

'Arise ! for Winter's past ;
Spring-birds are on the wing ;
Arise O, long imprisoned soul !
And full deliverance sing.'

I heard, and opened — Love,
All pitying, stood revealed ;
Come in, thou Great Physician !
He entered — I was healed.

FROM ALL THAT CAN INTOXICATE.

' From all that can Intoxicate ! '
The only Pledge that saves
From million crimes that ready wait,
From grief and early graves ; —
From ruin, and the certain grasp,
So pitiless ! of law ;
And from the soror doom that 's ripe,
When Heaven its sword doth draw.

' From all that can Intoxicate ! '
O thou of brilliant star,
To whom all sweet and delicate
Refinements, kindred are, —
To splendors of thy intellect
We homage give, yet these
May gild the Drunkard's brimming bowl,
Or flash upon its lees.

And dream not, in thy pride of place,
Such wretch *thou* ne'er canst be ;
The thunder that 's unseen has dropt
On many, like to thee !
For if thou art exalted now,
It may be only thence
That thou may 'st fall, as others fell
Who braved Omnipotence.

Give thou 'the Pledge !' — The rolls of fame
From stain are not exempt ;
And ills may touch thy goodliest,
That presage never dreamt.

'Tis safety for thy budding child —
The germ thou hast not priced —
For the warrior, the counsellor,
The minister of Christ !

And art thou one, indeed, that stood
With generous men on high, —
One counted with the wise, till sold
To this captivity ?
By all the love men gave to thee,
The love thou gav'st again —
By Heaven, as yet, not *all* renounced —
By Hell, renounce the chain !

' From all that can Intoxicate ! ' —
This panacea will
Suck out the poison from thy heart,
Its fevered throbings still, —
And dry the hot and bitter tear,
And melt away the frost
That hung about thy soul, when thou
Didst deem thyself the lost.

' From all that can Intoxicate,'
Give pledge, and thou art kept
From woes that on the drunkard wait,
From seas that he has wept —

From that which binds continually
His mind, as with a spell,
And bars out hope, and locks on him
The triple door of Hell.

And O, to be e'en here the butt
At which the jibe is thrown ;
To find the heart of welcome shut,
Whose pulses were thine own ; —
To be forsaken in the place
Where once thou hadst respect ;
To be by angel Woman scorned,
Thy hopes of Woman wrecked, —

To be in gray hairs forced to blush
Before thy noble son ;
Or — feeling lost — to lift thy front,
As if not thus undone ;
To meet an aged sire's reproach,
A mother's silent look ;
To read on pleasant things of home,
Ban of the judgment book, —

To be a living, loathsome corpse,
A moving rottenness ; —
To glut the hungry worm, before
Thy head doth coffin press ; —
To be a leprosy within
The camp, and in the sight
Of scoffers, show thy filthiness, —
Thy sin to open light, —

To be cast out from decencies
Of life, and only named
In whispered stealth, as one by whom
Humanity is shamed ; —
To die — and by thy death to give
Joy, where lament should be ;
To lie in an unblessèd tomb,
Alone with infamy ; —

If thou canst be and suffer this,
Thou less than Man ! give up
The hopes of man, and take the bliss
That 's left thee in the cup. —
Yet if thy sickening thought abhors
Such unimagined pain,
' From all that can Intoxicate ' —
From thy soul's death refrain !

' From all that can Intoxicate ! ' —
This charm shall potent be
To lay the busy fiend that wastes
Our land — beneath the sea.
Our land ! beloved and beautiful, —
What boots it that her shrine
The nations heap with offerings,
If thus debased by Wine ?

' From all that can Intoxicate ! ' —
Omnipotent its strength
To overcome the tyrant foe,
And bid us live at length.

Then set its characters on high —
And to the world be given,
Blazed on the everlasting sky —
The Pledge that came from heaven !

CONVERTED HEATHEN IN CHRISTENDOM.

' It was urged at a late annual meeting of the American Board, that a visit to this country by the converted Heathen would be unfavorable to themselves ; because there is so much of wickedness manifest here, that they would have less respect for Christianity than when they left their native shores.'

' We hear of a lovely land beyond
Our sunny Indian isles,
Where the bright and perfect blessedness
Of the Sinless ever smiles ;
O, Earth ! of thy glad garden spots,
None surely is so blest
As the Missionaries' native home,
Embosomed in the West.

Thence holy men came o'er the deep,
And soft-eyed Woman came,
With errand to our shores of Him
Whose is the hallowed Name.

That lovely land is surely Heaven,
Of pearl its cities are,—
And its dwellers, the celestial ones
That wait and worship there.'

REPLY.

' O stay ye in your Bengal bowers,
And stay ye in Ceylon ;
The distant view is beautiful,—
Approach, and it is flown.
There 's darkness over Burmah broods,
The Hindu's chain is fast,
But there 's sadder than the Pagan night,
And stronger bands than Caste.

The favored nations on whom rest
Beams of the Crucified,
Are they that bow them down to gold,
And wrap them in their pride.
If fearful be the trump that wakes
The heathen world to loss,
What doom is theirs, that dreadful Day,
Who perish at the Cross !'

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

In life's early vision, when bliss mantles high,
And the morning of pleasure beams cloudless and
pure;

When fond expectation illuminates the eye,
And hope to the bosom seems brilliant as sure;

How numerous the perils that ambush the way!
What dangers to threaten, what syrens to snare!
And he that in sunshine hath welcomed the day,
At evening is wrapt in the cloud of despair.

For they that in sympathy now would adore thee,
While the cup of prosperity, sparkling, is thine;
Ungrateful, will ere long in mockery smile o'er thee,
When the sun of thy pleasure in mists shall decline.

And if, unexperienced, thy heart is deceived,
And thou in oblivion thy anguish would'st steep;
If the faithless hath pierced thee, and those once
believed,

Unheeding their plightings, have left thee to weep;

O then, thou benighted and lone, look afar
To Him that can heal every wound he has made;
The Guide of thy youth, who alone is the Star,
Directing to day-beams unsullied by shade.

THE CONVICT BOY.

He was a father's hope ; on him
Had rested oft a mother's eye
Of secret pride ; and though now dim
With blinding tears of anguish, I
Saw that her gaze was on him still ;
Still in her throbbing heart's warm core,
She that has borne his weakness, will
Shelter her lost one. O not more
Clings ivy to the fostering tree,
Woman ! than pity clings to thee.
Her boy may mock her hopes, yet ever
As he treads Guilt's deceptive wild,
By all else shunned, the mother never
Can shun — for is he not her child ?

He stood before me in yon hall
Of inquisition, held on crime.
He stood, a fair and lovely boy
In aspect ; one whose early prime
Blossomed with hopes of peace and joy.
I saw the frequent waters fall
Adown his cheek — it might be so —
My soul was moved — in truth, *I know*
It *was* the tear of penitence !
Remorse, regret and bitter shame
Stood on his youthful brow ; the sense
Of his misdeeds, had vanished quite
His bosom's early stubbornness.

I said, 'That boy's now sullied name
Himself will yet redeem. Away
Shall flee this morning cloud, and bright
And pure will be his future day.'

The aged father yet will bless
A son restored, — the glad caress,
A mother's fond caress, shall well
Declare what lips can never tell.'

That lovely boy, that only son,
That penitent, whose tender years
Pleading for the misguided one,
Called not for rigor, but for tears —
That child was sentenced to the den
Of midnight thieves, of convicts, foul :
Of those that wear the murderer's scowl ;
Fell miscreants, that with forms of men,
Are devils of iniquity.
Inquired stern Justice — '*and why not ?*'
Perhaps 't was well, and yet to me,
On Mercy's hem it seemed a blot.

THE LAMB OF GOD — THE LION OF JUDAH.

To thee, who weepest over sins,
And leavest paths in folly trod,
The Saviour, whose compassion wins,
Is seen the gentle Lamb of God.

To thee, who givest Sin thy love,
And keepest on thy foward way,
The Saviour terribly will prove
A Lion, roaring for his prey.

'Behold the Lamb!' the herald said :
They saw Him, and, by meekness won,
Pursued the path Messiah led,
Prepared by his forerunner John.
Behold the Lamb to whom is given .
The sins to scatter of a world !
Yes, *mine* and *thine*, though high as Heaven
The ebon cloud be o'er us curled.

Behold the Lion ! — dreadful power
Is His to tear beyond the grave ;
With second death the soul devour,
Nor might nor will be nigh to save.
Obey Him ! — for his thunder shakes
The peopled wilderness of hell ;
Adore Him ! for his blessing breaks
On trusting hearts with heavenly spell

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

Hail to the valley and mist-mantled mountain !
The scenes of my childhood, to memory dear ;
Hail to the cot by the favorite fountain,
Where simplicity dwells with affection sincere.

For long have I wandered, a stranger to pleasure,
In search of its shadow, self-exiled to roam :
But ne'er in yon climes have I found the rich
treasure,
It dwells, unconcealed, in my own native home.

How often, soft slumber my eyelids enclosing,
With joy to the streamlet and dell would I fly ;
While fancy, on scenes of affection reposing,
Dwelt there with pure transport, but woke with a
sigh !

How dear to the soul is the secret emotion,
When fond recollections its impulses move !
How sweet is the tear which the heart's true de-
votion
Bestows to the memory of infancy's love !

Hail to the valley and mist-mantled mountain !
The scenes of my childhood, to memory dear ;
Hail to the cot by the favorite fountain,
Where simplicity dwells with affection sincere.

DEATH ON THE PRAIRIES.

' Soon after he left the house of his friend, the wind swept wildly over the prairies ; and the path was quickly filled with the driving snow. He was missed next day ; search was instituted ; his wandering steps were found and followed, and he was at length discovered in a sitting posture, *frozen to the very heart*. The hungry wolves had found him. They saw his glazed, his soulless eye, and they no longer feared. They had just commenced to devour him when he was discovered.'

Am I at ease, while glorious men —
Their idols slain, and self denied —
Take weary march through wild and glen
In labors for the Crucified ?

O Preacher of the wilderness !
I knew thee not, and ne'er shall know ;
Yet am constrained thy faith to bless,
That led thee on and kept thee so.

The toiling years thou didst not fail
In love, the western wilds to pass ;
Along the Indian's devious trail,
And through the prairie's tangled grass.

Alike, when soothed by song of birds
That hailed the dawn of leafy June ;
Or when the trees gave dreamy words,
Woke by the airs of languid noon.

Or 'mid defying winter's wrath,
That came in blinding snow and sleet;
Still following on thy painful path
With willing mind and constant feet;

Till, where no ear could hear thy moan,
Nor breath of love receive thy sigh,—
Alone—alone—yet not alone,
Thou satest down at night to die.

I know not if that hour was long;
How spent, nor can I tell with whom;
What voices came with wondrous song,—
Whose white wings glittered in the gloom.

But well I deem that while ' His cold '
Was entering to thy bosom's core,
The spirit, flinging off its mould,
Warmed to its heavenly Friend the more.

O, thus to live and labor too
While spared are seasons, power, and breath,
Down to the night my path pursue,
Alive in duty to the death!

SONG

WRITTEN FOR THE COMMENCEMENT AT BRISTOL
COLLEGE, ON THE DELAWARE; PENNSYLVANIA.

We may hallow the spot where the warriors rest,
Where their record we've blazoned on stone;
We may call to our shores Europe's thousands
Oppressed,
That have fled from the cottage and throne;
We may weave it in song that Columbia's fame
Is of earth's coward despots the ban;
And wherever seas roll that her glorious name
Is the watchword of freedom to man.
Vain all! if in chaplets that circle her now,
Shall no leaf of Religion be seen;
If Science bloom not in the light of her brow,
With the amaranth-garland of green.

We may love the stern purpose that trustingly laid
The rock of her greatness in prayer;
And the virtue and valor that constantly stayed
The storm, may our gratitude share.
Vain all! if not cherished — for God, whose decree
Has exalted her destinies high,
Proclaims that the nation made mighty and free
By the Truth only, never can die.

Near this beautiful stream, on the soil of our PENN,
The shrine to that Truth which we rear,
We will base on Religion, and Liberty then
Shall rejoice in her worshippers here.

While time lays the altars of nations gone by
With the shafts of their temples in dust,
From this, shall pure incense ascend to the sky,
When the foot-fall of ages is hushed.
The fire that came down on their offerings, untrue,
Is quenched — 't was unhallowed and dim ;
But the flame that burns here, will Jehovah renew,
For its brightness is borrowed from Him.
Our beautiful land in its breadth and its length,
By the pilgrim and patriot trod —
With the wreck of the past shall not lie, if its
strength
And its glory be given to God.

CAPTIVITY LED CAPTIVE.

'The set time to favor Zion.'

The time is set when every Jew
That wanders at his blinded will,
Shall leave the Sinai Moses knew,
And journey up to Calvary's hill.

The time is set when he by whom
Jehovah made his ' wonders ' known,
Will rise from depths of ancient doom —
To fill a more than David's throne.

The time is set when he who gave
His oils and spices to the flame,
Will learn what price redeems the slave
Of lowest guilt, of vilest shame

The time is set when Jewish boys,
The Samuels, who their altars tend —
Will wake the timbrel, trump, and voice
To Jesus Christ, the children's Friend.

The time is set when unbelief
That veils the softest Hebrew maid,
Will die amid the bosom's grief
That flows where'er the Cross is laid.

The time is set — how long how long
Shall weeping, wayward Israel roam ?
Break out , O Gentile world, in song !
Shout, Heaven, the weary wanderer home !

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS..

'The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee'

Where Thou, O Lord, art known,
The Church her offering brings,
And with the voices round thy throne,
Acceptably she sings.

Throughout the world that gives
Its homage unto Thee —
Where'er the soul of worship lives,
As one, is bowed the knee.

When here we lift desires,
A thousand prayers arise,—
And while we sing, a thousand choirs
Send music to the skies.

O blessed thought! if earth
To love were wholly given,
And in her age, as at her birth,
Were but a name for heaven.

Her broad dominions one
Cathedral for her God,
Wherever seas and rivers run,
Or foot of man has trod.

If Holy Church her pale
Had set around the globe,
With Faith — earth-wide — her triple mail,
And Holiness her robe —

One general burst of song,
One universal cry,
Would vales, rocks, hills, to God prolong,
The Holy and the High.

The everlasting King
Approvingly would turn
From incense that his legions brng,
To where her altars burn.

And leaving lutes of love,
And harps that angels play,
Would bow the highest heavens, above,
With her awhile to stay.

O, blessed thought! if all
Who Mercy's bounty share,
Would on the Sire of Mercy call,
In melody and prayer.

Then should celestial wheels
Hold travel with the sky,
Unseen, as when our Lord reveals,
Even now, his presence nigh :

On which the King of kings
In majesty should ride,
And come and deck with crown and rings,
The Church, his lovely Bride.

My purchased soul ! this thought
Reality might be,
Did every soul, that Love has taught,
Inaction wisely flee.

Then up ! and toil, and win
So fair a world from woe ;
That all who kneel to idol-sin,
May purer worship know.

That God his will may see
Here done, as done above ;
And Earth a world of harmony,
Because a world of love.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

He tempts once more the smiling deep : —
Sad thoughts crowd on his joy. —
That parting hour he saw her weep —
The mother o'er her boy.
Loftily now before the breeze,
The vessel rides, and fast
She dashes through deceitful seas,
That voyage is her last !

The gallant ship has spread her sail,
With her did hope depart ?
Day follows day, and wherefore fail
Tidings to cheer the heart ?
Not unto that bereavèd home,
Will he come, where tears are shed ;
He comes not, and he will not come
'Till the sea gives up its dead.

They know not of the ocean-caves,
Where men and treasures lie,
Buried within their dreamless graves,
Beyond e'en fancy's eye.
They know not dust is given to dust,
And the coral wreathes his brow ;
And she, that was a widow first,
Childless is written now.
That noble ship — that cheerful crew —
What in the storm befel,
Is it not hidden from our view ? —
The last great day shall tell.
Yet we may deem no quiet pillow,
Nor death-bed was for them ;
Nought but the wrecked ship, and the billow
That rushed to overwhelm.

That hour, of friends to soothe was none ;
Of shipmates, none to pray ;
The gulf before them — each, alone,
Must tread the trackless way.

That wild, wild passage ! who can know
 Of the spirit's fearful wreck,
When loosing hold of all below
 She fled from the sinking deck.
Ay, and how many wander now
 On that dark-heaving sea,
Whose strength shall soon be taught to bow
 As Death, lost one, bowed thee !
O Saviour ! hasten thou, and save ;
 Of these let it be said :
' They lie in that unfathomed grave,
 With thy own faithful dead.'

THE FIELD-STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

'The field-star of Bethlehem is the most ghost-like of flowers. It resembles a large hyacinth, the blossoms almost green, the stalks almost white, with a strange shadowy mixture of tints, a ghastly uncertainty, a sepulchral paleness, a solid, clayey, visible coldness. Dr. Clark found the field-star of Bethlehem on a tumulus, in the Troas, which is called the grave of Ajax. Never was any locality more appropriate. It is the flower of the grave.'

There 's a flower of the desert, — all lonely 't is seen,
In shyness adorning the bed of the Brave ; —
With stalk almost white, and its blossoms of green,
Is the Field-Star of Bethlehem, the flower of the
grave.

The moon, in its brightness, looks out on this flower,
And coldly and sadly its petal appears ;
The night-star, while shining alone in its bower,
Still wonders to see the sweet tendril in tears.

The soil of the vanquished hath given it birth,
The clime of the abject its beauty hath nourished ;
Its home, the degenerate, polluted of earth, —
Yet the spot where the sage and the warrior have
flourished.

Yes, and shall flourish proudly ! for they that have
slept,
Awake from long night, spurning fear and the
chain ;
And where, o'er her ruins, young Liberty wept,
The smile of the Free brightens gladly again.

Bloom, bloom, lovely flower ! — no longer alone ;
Unfold all thy fragrance ! yet not on the grave ;
A clime, unpolluted, henceforth is thy own ;
Bloom thou with the living, a wreath for the Brave !

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

I 've worshipped where the mighty kneel
Before the Mightiest in prayer;
And with the noble organ's peal
My mingling hymn has risen there.

I 've met where ' two or three ' have met
Before the throne in tears to lie ;
Nor would my soul that hour forget,
When in communion God past by.

Yet higher privilege for me,
I covet not to be revealed,
Than a glad worshipper to be
Where Children have in beauty kneeled.

To mingle mine with their pure prayers
When they like little cherubs bend ;
To join my voice and heart with theirs
In anthems to our heavenly Friend.

That melody ; it knows not art,
That simple prayer ! I feel 'tis true ;
In Jesus, children have a part,
'T is theirs to love and worship too.

And *there*, before the eternal throne,
Censers to such dear ones are given ;
Their lisping harps of silver tone
Ring sweetest 'mid the choirs of heaven.

THE SHAME OF THE CROSS.

What is that Shame? —
Within my heart to wear His Name,
Assume reproach for His dear sake,
In lowliness His burden take, —
This is that Shame!

To own Him when in Pilate's hall
He yields to Jew and Roman thrall;
To own Him when with sharper pain
His *followers* slay their Lord again, —
This is that Shame!

To meet my friend's averted face,
His priceless heart untouched by grace —
And in the strife of no renown,
To win that gem for Jesus' crown, —
This is that Shame!

To battle sinful self, deny
Lust of the will, and flesh and eye;
All thoughts, and words, and habits, test
By rules Religion has express, —
This is that Shame!

When worldlings laugh, apart to weep,
When Pride goes by, in dust to creep,
When riches are to Folly lent,
With poverty to be content, —
This is that Shame!

A steward, if my gains are great;
A servant, if arrayed in state;
All sin — love, intellect, and will —
Yet aiming at perfection still, —
This is that Shame!

To bury friendship in the grave;
Alone, alone, to breast the wave;
Yet, in the cold wide world alone,
Prefer God's purpose to my own, —
This is that Shame!

In highest joy, beneath the Cross,
To count all else but 'dung and dross,'
In deepest misery, happier far
Than helmèd chief or sceptred czar, —
This is that Shame!

Yea, sick and fainting, on a bed
Of anguish to recline my head,
Cast down and wounded, Earth withdrawn
From the vile object of its scorn, —
This is that Shame!

Wings! wings! the air is filled with wings!
My chamber holds the King of kings!
My brow is fanned by gales of heaven!
I bathe in bliss of sin forgiven, —
This is that Shame!

I quit a scene of care and strife,
A living death for endless life —
And where sweet rivers kiss the shores
To me uplift the eternal doors, —
This is that Shame !

THE WATCHER.

I saw in the visions of my head upon my bed, and behold, a watcher, and a holy one came down from heaven. He cried aloud and said thus, Hew down the tree. — *Daniel 4:13, 14.*

The wicked, in his foolish pride,
Is like a tree, exceeding fair,
Beneath whose branch the eagles hide,
Whose shadow is the lion's lair ; —
That gives to earth its lordly sight,
And towers in wealth of timely fruit ;
Amid whose foliage leaps the light,
While waters murmur at its root.

Till Judgment, as a Watcher cries
‘ Hew down the tree ! — thus saith the Word ;
Its branches scatter to the skies,
Nor let them shelter brute or bird.
Destroy its fruit, and wither up
Its beauty from the root to crown :’
Thus drinks the wicked Judgment’s cup !
And thus is cast his glory down !

PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

Pray for the dead ! yet pray not thou
For him that in repose is blest ;
The calm and coffined sleeper now,
Where weary travellers are at rest.
Unconscious of the smile or tear,
Life's blessed sympathies unknown,
Thy voice falls listless on his ear,
Who with decay is left alone.

Pray for the dead ! yet pray not thou
For him that girdeth up to fly,
Where waits, preparèd for his brow,
The glorious chaplet of the sky.
Forever free from human ills,
The billows of this Jordan trod —
He 'll drink the satisfying rills
That flow fast by the throne of God.

Pray for the dead ! for *those* ? — O , No !
The dwellers 'neath the dreadful cloud,
O'er which is flung not Mercy's bow,
The fainting, faithless, and the proud.
Not those, that in their spirit-powers,
And in immortal madness strong,
Still buffet the unwasting hours,
And shout in agony, '*How long !*'

Pray for the dead ! whom from their sleep
Time's solemn footfall fails to wake, —
Whose midnight dreamings, still and deep,
The judgment trumpet may not break.
Yet in whose soul, if *there* be shed
Light from the Cross, new life begins ;
They cluster round your hearths — the dead !
The dead in trespasses and sins.

HYMN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

When thy own Israel, God of love,
Forth from Egyptian bondage came,
Thou didst before her armies move,
In thy pavilion-car of flame.
And brightly shone Thy power about,
To guide and guard the chosen band,
'Till Thou hadst safely brought them out
From peril, to the promised land.

So wast Thou, Lord ! our fathers' Shield,
When they were feeble and alone ;
Thou, from thy war-cloud, on that field
Look'dst, and the vaunting foe was gone.
So didst Thou guide them, when no more
Flashed banners out and glittering swords ;
And Thou hast blest the sea and shore,
Whose toil and battle were the Lord's.

We worship where those warriors stood,
 When drum and trumpet sounded long ;
And on the soil that drank their blood
 In peace we pour the festive song.
 That soil ! it nourished Freedom's tree,
 The plant that freshly bourgeons now ;
O God, may unborn nations see
 Our sons rejoice beneath its bough !

We worship — but where are the brave
 That warred and watched in manhood's bloom ?
 Their locks are hoar, and some do wave
 Amid the breezes of the tomb.
Yet Thou, with more than angel's wing
 Wilt overshadow Freedom's coasts ;
 As did their sires, the children bring
 Homage to Thee, Lord God of Hosts !

MATERNAL LOVE.

Fair is the opening grace
 That blooms and blushes on the artless maid ;
 Beauty, unfolding, we delight to trace,
 To innocence and youth our earliest vow is paid.

Yet youth is like the flower
 That rears its petals on the lap of May :
 Who that admires, laments not its brief hour,
 And cherishing its sweets, asks not a longer stay !

Far lovelier than these,
And dearer to the heart of sober joy
Is she whom the delights of home can please,
Who to her bosom clasps her much-loved, smiling
boy.

O, surely none can tell,
What nought but love parental e'er can feel —
How strong, how tender is the witching spell
These dear ones round us fling, from life what cares
they steal.

Graces, though prized, must die ;
Yes ! even that form of symmetry, shall age
Relentless, humble, and the love-lit eye
That speaks and sparkles now — Time shall its fires
assuage.

Maternal love still new
Still precious, brightens with the touch of years ;
O, cheerless is the heart that never knew
All of its joys and pangs — its secret smiles and
tears !

THE INCARNATION.

Jerusalem awakes,
Her giant shadows flee ;
Night's sentinel forsakes
The hills of Galilee ;
And scattering tints of morn have met
Above the brow of Olivet.

In ruins slept a world
Once innocent and fair ;
His banner Sin unfurled,
And Death trod proudly there.
Darkness held empire till afar
Symbol of hope, rose Bethlehem's Star.

The angel choir that night
Brought tidings down to man ;
On floods of wavy light,
Celestial music ran ;
' Glory to God ! Good will to earth,
Salvation by Immanuel's birth ! '

Light broke on Syrian plains
To cheer a world in woe ;
And there were heard the strains
That none but angels know.
That light shall shine from sun to sun,
That song through every clime shall run.

The chambers of the tomb
 Yield renovating breath ;
 He snatched from these their gloom,
 And victory from death.
 Now spices flow along that bed,
 Now Resurrection crowns the dead.

CO-WORKERS WITH HIM.

And when Jesus departed thence, two blind men followed him, crying and saying, Thou Son of David, have mercy on us. And when he was come into the house, the blind men came to him, and Jesus saith unto them, believe ye that I am able to do this ? They say unto him, Yea, Lord. Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith, be it unto you. And their eyes were opened. —Matt. 9 : 27 — 30.

The Son of David had no power
 To heal or life or limb,
 Save, as in the propitious hour,
 The heart had faith in Him.

He spoke, and every loathsome form
 Of pain and sickness fled ;
 His mandate soothed the angry storm,
 His word awoke the dead.

But faith was exercised by man : —
 Such faith *to us* be given !
 So may we, in its gracious plan,
 Co-workers be with Heaven.

THE INFANT ORPHAN.

Lately, I wandered sadly, where
None watched my way or saw my lot;
Yet God beheld me, and his care
Shielded the child that knew Him not.

The kind Redeemer's gentle name
Upon my lips was never found;
He spared me — yes, the very same
That wheels those golden worlds around.

I sometimes thought there was a Power
Made the tall trees and flowers to grow,
Bade sunshine warm and tempests lower,
And who but God could thunder so?

But now I know the Bible tells
Of Him that rolls the stars along;
And in the cloud's pavilion dwells,
Yet condescends to hear my song.

I know of Jesus, too, whose love
For children, young and frail as me,
Brought Him, the Lord of all above,
Down to the manger and the tree.

And well I know that babes distrest,
And weary, find in Him a home;
For He will take such to his rest,
And say, 'Forbid them not to come.'

AN INCIDENT DURING A STORM.

The parent-bird had built its nest
'Mid poplar boughs secure,
On high where ills might ne'er infest,
Nor treacherous foes allure.
'T was hers with never wearied toil,
The toil that mothers love —
To gather for her young, the spoil
Of field and flowery grove.

Ah, happy brood ! we heard their notes
With every rising sun ;
Joy bade them swell their little throats,
When day its course had run.
O, might such *bliss of home* remain,
A lesson for the proud,
Who daily seek, but seek in vain,
For peace amid the crowd !

But sorrow came, to let us know
The happiness we prize,
Can never tarry long below,
Its home is in the skies.
Is even innocence like yours,
Sweet birds ! a prey to ill ?
Then, what to *guilt* repose ensures,
Or whispers, 'Peace, be still ! '

The thunder took its cloudy car,
The whirlwind rode on high ;
The tremblers shrunk, for them no star
Looked out amid the sky.
Fierce came the blast, and spire and tree
Quivered beneath its power ;
Mankind were safe ; alas, for ye,
Poor birds ! 't was misery's hour

The morning came, and nature shone,
Yet heard we not the song, —
But heart-subduing was the moan
That mother poured along.
The tempest past not harmless by,
The lightning scathed the bough ;
Abroad the scattered fragments lie,
Where are her offspring now !

'And I said, O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away
and be at rest.' — *David*.

The soul that wings her airy flight
To yonder fields of starry blue,
With rapture greets effulgent light,
And basks in pleasures ever new.
And if — enthroned in bliss above —
She bends a lingering look below,
Does not some throb of pity move,
For those that tread this vale of woe ?

O ! could I stretch my pathless way
To climes afar, how small would seem
The griefs that cloud this feeble day,
The joys that gild life's passing dream !
Then would I smile, the secret tear —
If tear might mingle with those joys —
Would flee, and love, serene, endear
The perfect bliss that never cloys.

Yet, courage ! though the angry storm
Hath spent its force around thy head,
Though sorrow lurks in every form,
And all but trembling hope hath fled,
Yet burns there still a steady ray,
For those who weep in sunless gloom, —
The Star that points the wanderer's way,
RELIGION — shines beyond the tomb !

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

'And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.'

Night mantles Judea, but the star has not shone
On thy bosom, Galilee, —
The tempest is loud, yet the bark alone
Is laboring o'er the sea.
The Master, entranced, rides the turbulent wave,
O say, shall its depths yield the Godhead a grave ?

Heeds not the Redeemer the thunder's increase?
Shall he not the proud whirlwind disarm?
For see! he has gone to the slumbers of peace,
With Jesus all is calm.

By his waves and his tempest the Maker is lost:
In his innocent dreams the Sleeper is lost.

The disciples in terror have sprung from their rest,
But vain is the shipmen's skill,
Till, aroused, He of Nazareth proclaims the behest;
'Ye billows, Peace, be still!'

The billows obedient have sunk on the shore,
The sea sleeps in murmurs, the tempest is o'er.

And thus, when my soul on life's ocean is lost,
That sea without a calm —
When faith shines but dimly, each hope is lost,
And all is rude alarm :
When the waves of remembrance in mountain
wreaths roll,
When the billows of sin have gone over my soul :

At the Cross of the Sufferer while humbled to weep,
I mourn my stubborn will,
Do Thou, in compassion, rebuke the deep,
And whisper, 'Peace ! be still !'
The billows obedient will die on the shore,
The sea sleep in murmurs, the tempest be o'er.

THE RACE.

'Know ye not that they which run in a race, run all ; but one receiveth the prize.'—*1 Cor. 9:24.*

Two powers have entered in the ring ; —
Thou universe, give way !
The Church and World before the King
Shall run their race to-day.

And Heaven lays by its thunder-songs,
And Hell suspends its woe,
While the vast empires pour their throngs
To gaze on earth below.

What clouds of dust ! what tramp of steed !
What nerve of limb and soul !
Cross lightnings are those wheels of speed,
As dart they to the goal.

' And who above,' asks eager Heaven,
' Hath victor flag unfurled ?'
By shouting Hell is answer given : —
' *The world ! O God, THE WORLD !*'

THE VICTORY.

'So run that ye may obtain.'—*1 Cor. 9:24.*

Not always may defeat be named,
O Bridal Church ! with thee :—
Of grievous stumbling all ashamed,
The glorious Runner see !

She lags, by recent guilt opprest ;—
Now World ! 'tis thine to chafe,
For with thee is the Church abreast ;
The Church ! the Church is safe !

O God, in this her trial-race,
She's ever cause to fear,
When falsely turning from thy face,
She loiters in the rear.

But, once abreast — such wondrous power
Hath Holiness o'er Sin —
The World is feeble from that hour ;
The BRIDAL CHURCH doth win !

FOR SPAIN!

Up, for the captive Spain !
The realm of chivalry —
That long unto imperious Rome
Has bowed the abject knee.
Let mighty prayer go forth
That loosed shall be her chain ;
And glad in Jesus Christ may be
The broad bright lands of Spain.

Up, for the soil of song !
The clime of many lays —
Whose melody to Sin's been given,
Seldom to Heaven's praise.
Send supplication forth,
That presently be strung
To praises evangelical,
The noble Spanish tongue.

Up, for the treasure-land !
Whose ingots are her loss,
If, in their golden bravery,
Forgotten be the Cross.
O, show her that her gems
Are pale, her mines are mean,
Scanned in the faithful telescope
Through which the Saviour 's seen.

Up, for her generous youth !

Up, for her beauteous dames !

Sated with time, that they may learn

Eternity has claims ; —

Learn that its joys, untold,

And garniture, unpriced,

Are for the daughters of the Lord,

And cavaliers of Christ.

Up, for ye owe a debt !

Spain tore the veil of night

And proudly showed a hemisphere —

America — in light.

O, let the Conqueror's flag

Be gloriously unfurled

O'er her, that long for Heaven has lain

An undiscovered world !

Up ! for her nobles ill

In superstition bound ;

Her serfs to ignorance are sold,

Her princes are uncrowned ; —

Proclaim a Jubilee !

That mind may be restored ;

And peasant and hidalgo be

Men, taught to know the Lord.

FOR THE ORPHAN.

Hast thou marked the scourge of God ?
Didst thou tremble at his rod,
When thou lately saw'st him stand
At the portals of our land ;
When He looked and waved it *here* ? —
Haste to dry the widow's tear !

Mother ! didst thou in that hour,
Give to earth its fairest flower ?
'T was in anguish — He hath given
For thy bruise, the balm of heaven ;
Thou art comforted — go, bless
In its woes, the motherless.

Did the Angel hush his wrath,
As he crost thy household's path ?
And, when thousands rose to shed
Bitter tears upon their dead,
While without, was heard the cry,
None within were called to die ?

Has thy lip been spared the cup ?
These have drank the mixture up ;
These were basking yesterday
In a kinder sun — as they
Sit beneath dark shadows now,
Sister ! brother ! so mayst *thou*.

Haste with offerings, large and free,
Wings of mercy sheltered thee ;
Mercy's sacrifices bring ;
Cause the weeper's heart to sing ;
Heard above is blessing-prayer,
Grief and Want have power there.

What are pearls of brightest hue,
Diamonds, like the drops of dew,
In the loveliest tresses glowing,
Nature's fainter beauties showing,
To the gem of splendor here,
Gratitude's impressive tear ?

JOHN BUNYAN'S CHAIR.

On receiving a picture of John Bunyan's Oaken Chair; which still remains in the vestry of his chapel, in Bedford, England.

A thousand years ago, no doubt,
Sprang up the sapling, fair,
From whose tough heart wast thou shaped out,—
John Bunyan's Oaken Chair !

And silent centuries have gone,
Since some forgotten wight
Made thee, that seemest so forlorn,
Both beautiful and tight.

The two brass nails, whose value must,
As reliques, rival gold —
Were wrought, and in thy fore legs driven
By Bunyan's self, I 'm told.

And here thou art — and show'st the scars
Of use, and age's rust,
While thrones and seats of kings and czars,
Have tottered down to dust.

Old Chair! with thoughts akin to dread,
I look on thee, for thou
Call'st up the venerable dead ; —
One sits before me now !

One sits before me ! — who is he ? —
A gray-haired man he seems ;
The light that flashes from his eye,
We sometimes see in dreams.

The same in reverend form and look
That boyhood pictured, when
I dwelt, impassioned on his Book, —
My heaven of romance, then !

The same that simply, truly taught,
While simple hearts gave heed —
Of freedom, gold has never bought,
Of men, whom Truth has freed.

The same that fell beneath the ban
Of Charles' licentious crew,
Whose flood of vengeance whelmed the man
It never could subdue.

The same whose noble fancies soared,
Like eagles to the sky ;
And far above their dungeon poured
Immortal strains on high.

CHAIR ! that hast seen in faction's whirl
Three kingdoms sorely vexed,
Speak through the mist of years to us,
Who are in turn perplexed.

And if thou canst, to these far climes
The destiny reveal,
That soon for us shall fall from Time's
Untiring, toiling wheel.

Shall *here* be forged the self-same chain,
The lofty free to bind ?
Shall prisons, whips, and racks of pain,
Thrall *here* undaunted Mind ?

Shall brutes breathe *here*, like those that led
Old Bunyan to his cell ?
And shapes fit *here*, like those that fed
In England, fires of hell ?

If so, — what matters it with us
Are found the glorious dead? —
That fields of fame are here, and hills
Of victory lift their head?

What matters it that God has rained
His benisons, if we
Must write our fallen nation's name
No longer with the free?

If thought be muzzled, and the Press
Be hemmed with outdrawn steel? —
If to our sword-won heritage
Be linked the bondman's seal!

Yes, if upon the innocent,
Be fixed the brand of shame? —
And such to save from murder, boots
Not e'en the Christian name!

No more — no more — I will not make
A stricken land my theme, —
A chainless spirit is abroad,
That shall her faith redeem, —

And purge away her one dark spot, —
That she, the tempest-tost,
May rise, a pure republic, free,
Nor sink — a nation lost.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS VERSES.

Earth has her shout of welcome, when
To fleeting thrones an heir is born, —
But to the Hope of fallen men
She gave her curse, or silent scorn.

'T is true, His coming heralded
Celestial minstrels on that night,
When one sweet star the shepherds led
To Him, the Star of Morning Light.

Yet grief was his, e'en from the hour
That he, a babe, to Egypt fled,
Down to the time when hell had power
O'er Life's immortal Monarch, dead.

Praise for it all! —for by his pain,
We sinners may this day rejoice;
The second death to him is slain,
Who hears the Resurrection's voice.

Praise for it all! —through Him that died,
We, ransomed, joyfully may sing,
And none forbid the 'palm,' or chide
The lisped 'hosannas' to the King.

What shall we render for the Love
Thus brought to children young as we?
We'll look from toys to gems above;
We'll give ourselves, O Lord, to Thee!

THE LEVELLER.

'My mother died, and I sorrowed for her, more because England had lost a countess, than that I had been deprived of a parent. I thought it was dreadful that we should be subject to a shroud — a pall — a coffin !'

'T is humbling to our poor mortality,
To think that we must leave all fond delight,
All joys and friendships, all we know, and be
Lost to our bosom's love, inurned in night,
And slumber where none dream, beneath the pall,
Forgotten by them all.

To leave illuminated rooms — the dance,
Exciting song, and hum of careless mirth,
For darkness which sound breaks not, save per-
chance

The tooth of reptile burrowing in the earth —
That falls not on the dull regardless ear,
And causes us no fear.

And yet, to the sad child of poverty
It matters nothing : — Death disturbs him not.
Yea, by its friendly portal he may flee
From the world's cares, lie down and be forgot.
Calm is that night of resting, sweet the bed
Where he reclines his head.

The grave, to him who fellowships with woes,
Is clothed in beauty ; yea, the softest down
Is there inviting him to kind repose ;
And O, within that chamber the cold frown
Of the unfriendly world is not ; the jeer
Of proud ones comes not here.

And he that in his Maker puts his trust,
Fears not to die. Even in the trying hour,
When life's strings break, and he draws near the
dust,
He is as one superior to the power
Of Death. Intently on the opening tomb
He looks, and sees no gloom.

But *she*, the haughty, affluent, and gay,
The pleasure-loving, beautiful and young —
The high — the flattered — shall the damp cold clay
Wrap her fair limbs, and she be rudely flung,
A broken flower, from cherished ones away,
Given unto decay ?

Forget it, Lady ! — seek out pleasure's haunt ;
Say to Prosperity, ‘ Be *thou* my good ! ’
And to the thought of sickness, — death — ‘ avaunt ! ’
Nor on my joys, unbidden guest, intrude.
Forget it at the rout and brilliant hall,
And in the crowded ball.

Thou canst not *always* ! thou mayst shut thine eye
To the sad future, in thy revelry ;
But the unwelcome truth that thou must die
In midnight's silence shall come over thee, —
Admonishing, that woven is the shroud,
Alike, for low and proud.

I LOVE THE BOSOM THAT CAN FEEL.

I love the bosom that can feel
The griefs which mortals know ;
I love the lip whose accents heal
The sorrows rife below.

The eye that beams with pity's gem,
Is bright to every view ;
Its lustre shades the diadem,
Or ruby's sparkling hue.

In forms that fly to misery's aid,
To dry the orphan's tear —
Are winning grace and ease displayed,
Unrivalled by compeer.

Woman ! while these unite in thee,
We own thy magic skill :
And every heart though proudly free,
Is vanquished at thy will.

CHANGES.

I, a silly fly,
That live or die,
According as the weather falls.

George Herbert.

Ah, Lord ! thou seest how changing, still,
Are these desires and hopes of mine :
How slowly turns my wayward will
From Earth's unreal love, to Thine.

Sometimes, I take the ready wing
Of angels, and with lofty flight,
Sail round the upper bowers, where sing
To starry harps, the sons of light.

O, then, how ravishing appears
The dwelling of the spotless Blessed !
I gaze — and shed delicious tears,
And long with them to be at rest.

All peaceful joys seem doubled then ;
The world 's behind, and all forgot
The thousand dreams that flatter men ;
Their thousand cares — I know them not !

Yet, soon of pinions shorn, I fall
Down, down, a dreary dreadful way ;
And round my soul is wrapt the pall
That shuts out every gleam of day.

Then Heaven seems parable, or far,
Far, far beyond my hopeless aim ; —
And dimmer than the faintest star,
The beams that cluster round thy Name.

My God ! I would no longer be
Thus foolish, fickle, false and vain ;
O, for the faith that soars to Thee,
Nor sinks to weary Earth again !

THE EUCHARIST.

Come to the Festival ! ye that are straying
Far from your Father's house, faint and unfed ;
Here is sufficiency, — souls, thus obeying,
Hunger no more for the perishing bread.

Come to the Festival ! ye that have panted
After the water brooks ; here is supply :
Streams in the wilderness Mercy has granted, —
Those that have tasted them never can die.

Come to the Festival ! ye that are broken —
Leaving the path in impiety trod ;
Hope beckons cheerfully ; here is her token —
Joy in the Spirit, forgiveness with God.

Come to the Festival ! lingers in sorrow
Sorer and sadder than heart can endure, —
Balm from Earth's comforters seek not to borrow,
Come where the Saviour is waiting to cure.

Come, while the angel is troubling the waters ;
Others as helpless are now stepping in ;
Free for the vilest of Guilt's sons and daughters, —
Here may ye lose the defilement of sin.

Kneel ! — here is raiment for those that in sadness,
Naked and homeless, have wandered forlorn ;
Gems are here sparkling for foreheads of gladness,
Clasped by the Giver whose own felt the thorn.

Kneel ! — though in fearfulness, weak, yet believing ;
Think of the bosom that drank your despair, —
Then, while in penitence memory is grieving,
Lay all your tears and despondency there.

Hark ! o'er the Eucharist, music is stealing,
Sweetly, in whispers of pardoning love ;
' Ye that here name Me, your covenant sealing,
Gird for the banquet in temples above ! '

SAVED BY OUR INSTRUMENTALITY.

If in some fair and jewelled crown
That to the blest redeemed is given,
Are stars that cast their brightness down,
Loveliest among the gems of Heaven —
It is the diadem *he* wears,
Who woke and watched for souls below ;
Striving to save, by tears and prayers,
Immortals from immortal woe.

If, stealing on the angels' hymn,
Come harmonies of softer wires,
In tones, to ears of seraphim,
Sweeter than their own silver lyres, —
It is when saved ones tell above
Of *him* who came when hope had flown ;
And pointed to a Saviour's love,
And led the sinner to the throne.

O, holy God ! while flies beyond
Wide swelling seas, that Truth of Thee,
Which melts down every slavish bond,
And from dark idols wins the knee —
Engage *our* hearts, with passion, strong,
To labor in this holy strife ;
And dearer boon than crown and song
Is ours — Thy favor, which is Life.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

There still exists a plant in Palestine, known by botanists by the name of the Thorn of Christ, supposed to be the shrub which afforded the crown worn by the Saviour at his crucifixion. It has many small sharp prickles, well adapted to give pain, and as the leaves greatly resemble those of ivy, it is not improbable that the enemies of Messiah chose it, from its similarity to a plant with which Emperors and Generals were accustomed to be crowned; and thence that there might be calumny, insult, and derision, meditated in the very act of punishment. — *Dr. Russell's Palestine.*

Glory prepared a wreath
Of simple laurel for her favorite son ;
And Beauty's spicy lips were wont to breathe
His name, who at the Grechan games had won.

Glory impearled the crown
That rimmed the brows of Muscovy's great czar ;
When on a new-born empire he looked down
From dazzling height, like some superior star.

Glory doth pluck the leaf
For Learning's martyr, and her fond acclaim,
He, pale with midnight toil, esteems the chief
Of earthly good — and calls the bauble *Fame*.

But the mean diadem
That tells of calumnies, insults, and scorns,
Hath splendor dimming these, although no gem
Be woven in the coronal of thorns.

Sharp were its cruel points.
That cinctured the blest forehead of the Christ,
Forcing thence blood ; the crimson that anoints
And heals — unction all-potent and unpriced :

Glory is His, O Crown !
Who meekly wore thee once, when from dark ways
Of sin, the sinner fleeing, falleth down,
In lowly penitence, and weeps, and prays.

The men that platted thee
For that sad coronation — in His blood
Washed from their crime — confessed his Deity,
Mysterious God in Man, the Man in God.

Millions that knew Him not
Since then have had sweet knowledge of the Cross ;
He hath been found of them that sought him not ;
And they that sought have deemed all else but loss.

I, when some sore distress
Racks this decaying body, do bethink
Me of thee, painful, wondrous Crown ! and bless
The cup, whose dregs I may not choose but drink.

WINTER.

Arrayed in gloom, stern Winter reigns
With aspect chill and drear;
The streams are locked in icy chains,
The tempest howls severe.

No more is heard the songster's lay,
That echoed through the grove;
The robin shuns the leafless spray,
And chants no more of love.

Yon orb emits a feeble gleam,
That lingers cold and lone;
Its evanescent fitful beam
Is telling, joy has flown.

Emblem of life, all nature wears
A robe of cheerless hue;
The storms assail like gloomy cares,
As sad, as frequent too.

But soon these clouds shall disappear,
The fields with verdure smile;
The bubbling brook meander clear,
The robin's note beguile.

The vernal showers shall dew the earth,
While genial suns illume;
The beauteous flowers will spring to birth,
And golden harvests bloom.

Thus, like the rays of Winter's morn,
That cheerless prospects bring, —
These gloomy cares precede the dawn
Of an unfading Spring.

THE EARLY DEAD.

Think of youth
Smitten amidst its playthings. — *Ion.*

Think, mother ! of the babe that clung
In weakness closely to thy love ;
Round whom thy arms were warmly flung,
While blessings for it rose above,
With every panting of thy breast,
With every kiss, a whispered prayer
That on it happy dew might rest,
That this sweet bud might aye be blest,
And Heaven's shielding favor share —
Where is that infant ? *Where ?*

Think mother ! of thy prattling girl,
Whose sunny eyes have gladdened thee,
Whose bird-like voice, 'mid care's wild whirl,
Hath charmed thee with its melody ;
Whose airy step within thy hall
Was signal still of pleasure there ;

Bright creature ! who embodied all
That we perfection fondly call,
Or dream the pure blest spirits are : —
Where is that daughter ! — *Where ?*

Think, mother ! of thy noble boy,
Who stood before thee in the pride
Of strength and beauty ; no alloy
Thy fond maternal hopes to chide,
As his clear eye and open brow
Thou soughtest, and within his hair
Of careless curls, thy fingers thou
Delightedly was wont to place,
And mark the father in his face,
And see thy image mimicked there ; —
Where is that boy ? O, *where ?*

That infant is a seraph now !
That daughter kneels before the throne !
That beauteous boy, with harp and crown,
Exulting, spreads his silver wings ;
Thou almost hears't those perfect strings
Whose music is to thee unknown —
Sound where the glad immortals bow,
Where children cast their honors down,
Where elders and apostles meet
At Jesus' feet.

Think, mother ! while sweet tears are shed,
How blessed are the Early Dead !

THE TWENTY THOUSAND CHILDREN
OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK, CELEBRA-
TING TOGETHER THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1839.

O, sight sublime! O, sight of fear!
The shadowing of infinity —
Numbers! whose murmur rises here
Like whisperings of the mighty sea.

Ye bring strange vision to my gaze;
Earth's dreamer, heaven before me swims:
The sea of glass — the throne of days —
Crowns, harps, and the melodious hymns.

Ye rend the air with grateful songs
For freedom by old warriors won: —
O, for the battle that your throngs
May wage and win through David's Son!

Wealth of young beauty! that now blooms
Before me, like a world of flowers, —
High expectation! that assumes
The hue of life's serenest hours, —

Are ye *decaying?* — must those forms
So agile, fair, and brightly gay,
Hidden in dust, be given to worms
And everlasting night, the prey?

Are ye *immortal*? — will this mass
Of life, be life, undying still,
When all these sentient thousands pass
To where corruption works its will?

Thought! that takes hold of heaven and hell,
Be in each Teacher's heart to-day!
So shall Eternity be well
With these, when Time has fled away.

APOSTROPHE,

TO THE FELLOW THAT INHUMANLY SHOT THE FIRST BIRD OF SPRING IN NEW HAVEN. — 1838.

Who art thou, caitiff! that with borrowed gun
And stolen powder, aimed thy felon shot,
In cruelty's mere wantonness, at one,
Much thy superior, that had harmed thee not?

Art thou not some most miserable bore? —
No freshman, but an old experienced cheat?
Thou canst not senior be, or sophomore —
Perhaps a tailor out of Chapel Street?

No! for a tailor is an honest man;
But thou art'nothing that can be of use;
A heartless sinner against nature's plan,
Who ne'er designed such an unfeathered goose.

Diana's temple at old Ephesus,

Was burnt once by a fool that wanted fame ;

But thou, whose deed of cruelty men curse,

More knave than fool, concealest thy foul name.

Whoe'er thou art, I only wish that ghost

Of murdered swallow, or poor bob-o-link,

May perch at midnight on thy scant bedpost

And see a coward 'neath the blanket slink.

And that whene'er for music thou dost sigh

Instead of bird's, a termagant's shrill note

Thou 'lt hear ; and when thou wouldest devour duck
pie,

A piece of bone may tarry in thy throat.

WHO GAZES FROM MOUNT OLIVET?

Who gazes from Mount Olivet,

His dove-like eyes with sorrow wet —

His bosom with compassion heaving,

His mighty heart with anguish grieving ?

Who searches with unerring eye

Into thy sad futurity,

Jerusalem ! and sees thy doom

Written by imperial Rome ; —

Famine, Slaughter, Fire, agreed

On thy precious ones to feed,

Ruin round thy bulwarks wrap,
And the pagan eagle flap
O'er the sacred mercy seat?
Who is He that sees it all?
Sees, when sacrilegious feet
Tread on Zion — when the call
Is for vengeance most complete?
He, the prophet, pilgrim-shod;
He, the very Son of God!

Years sweep on; — Jerusalem!
Thee the Roman armies hem.
Countless legions on thee press:
Clouds of arrows thee distress;
Stone and dart and javelin
Entrance to thy treasures win.
Hippicus, Antonia, fall,
Mariamne — and thy wall
Pierced with gates of burnished gold —
And the holy house of old,
Yield unto the dreadful strife.
Heavens! the sacrifice of life!
Murder, Plunder, leagued in band,
Stalk amid thee, hand in hand; —
Kedron is a pool of gore,
Olivet is fortress made.
Mercy! — that the towers of yore
Courts that saw the world adore,
Should in dust and blood be laid!

*Who directs the furious war? —
He, who all its terrors saw
Ere He gave to planets law; —
Mightier than Vespasian's son,
He the dreadful fight has won,
He the wine-press now has trod,
He, — the very Son of God !*

NATURE'S WORSHIP.

*How the tiny wren is making
Music in its cheerfulness, —
Of the watchful Guardian telling,
Who a little bird can bless !*

*How the giant oak and maple
Toss their noble arms abroad, —
Thickly laden with the blossom,
Whose wild fragrance smells to God !*

*How the honeysuckles, spotting
This rich carpet of the vale,
As they flaunt in very pleasure
Whisper, each to each, the tale !*

*How the glittering insect-squadrons,
As they wheel and march in air,
Lift aloud their million trumpets,
And their Leader's skill declare !*

How the herds, that dot the hill-side,
Mutely tell me as they feed,
'God, who kindly cares for cattle,
Is a bounteous God indeed !'

How the very sky is laughing,
By the morning wooed and won, —
How the very earth rejoices
'Neath the fervors of the sun !

'God !' repeats the small bird's music,
'God !' the painted insects cry ;
'God !' the giant trees are murmuring —
'God !' the little shrubs reply.

Voices from the solemn forest !
Voices from the tribes of flowers !
Voices from the brute creation,
Sky, and Earth ! — yet where are *ours* ?

Poor and vile, *we* cannot render
Worship — darkened so by sin —
Till the heavenly Sun of glory
Pierce the shade, and shine within.

SONG,

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTHDAY
OF THOMAS PAINE.

We praise him! yet 't is not that such
Burning lightnings were launched from his pen,
To scorch old Britannia; as much
Has been done by as powerful men.

We care not how wisely or well
He wrote — whether 'reg'lars' were glum
At his satire, or reckoned their knell
Of defeat in the roll of the drum.

'T is the same — if, securely, we boast
Of immunity, purchased by blood,
To laugh at Christianity's host,
Or the phantom of devotees — God!

'T is the same, if we 've liberty here,
To scoff at eternity's thought;
At the notion of spirits to jeer,
Save those that our landlord has brought.

Him we laud, whose philosophy gave,
Though religionists hate it like treason —
The triumph o'er Bigotry's grave,
The Age of Inquiry and Reason,
That teaches, the end of our race,
Oblivion — waiteth on all;
The noble, the good, and the base;
The lofty, as well as the small.

Had he only with WASHINGTON fought
By his logic, *our* cause had been worse ;
To the 'Patriot' we'd given no thought, —
His name might have rotted, for us. —
No song should this night tell his story ;
No supper his mem'ry should dub
With honor ; no pledge to his glory
Should be drunk by the Infidel Club.

That our Chief was intemperate, let those
Strong impulses answer, that hold us ;
Base, sordid, and sensual — his foes,
And Cheetham, — confound him ! — have told us.
That his heart was insensible to
True friendship and love, they proclaim ;
To deny it, were folly, — 't is true ;
Yet who may the patriot blame ?

A drunkard he might be — he *was* ;
We confess it — a low debauchee ;
Yet *we* may not scout him, because
Some of us of like kidney may be.
A toast, then, for him who could hush
The thunders of Britain, afar ;
Who strove, alas, vainly, to crush
The shine of the Nazarene's Star !

They tell us his sun set in night ;
It faltered, as faltered his breath ;
He shrieked in his fearful affright,
When he felt the cold welcome of Death, —

And those who deem not, for the few,
A world is created of bliss,
As they gazed on the wretch, thought 't was true,
A hell might be kindled in *this*.

We care not, — it cannot refute,
Even though at the last *he* had shame —
That unto proud man and the brute
The *finale* is one and the same.
He might have been out of his head, —
His biographer, sure, might deceive us, —
How he *ought* to have gone to the dead,
We tell, and the many believe us.

His bones, to the 'fast anchored isle,'
By friends were exported, we know ;
Had they left us a relic, we 'd smile,
Were it but from the thorax or toe.
Such gleanings of genius, divine,
His skeleton never had missed ;
At supper, when passes the wine,
What a gem to be toasted and kissed !

Yet if here, we 've no relic to show
Of him, whom we honor as First,
At least, we 'll have jollity's flow. —
'T were a monument worthy his dust.
Then here 's to the patriot and sage ; —
Good friends ! fill the glasses again
To him that 'created the ' Age
Of Reason and Liberty, PAINE !

THE EAGLE ON HIS MOUNTAIN HEIGHT.

The eagle on his mountain height,
Beneath the eastern sky —
Securely views the source of light
With bold and fearless eye.

And if, absorbed in glory's blaze,
He bends a downward view,
Earth seemeth to his distant gaze,
Minute, and cheerless too.

Thus, on the mount of faith and prayer,
Jehovah's love is seen ;
Sure vision strengthened gazes there,
Without a veil between.

Then dim is every joy, compared
With bliss that never cloys ;
And light the sorrows each has shared,
Compared with heavenly joys.

She wakes not — she whose look was love,
Whose voice was music's breath —
That angel-smile is caught above,
That voice is lost in death.

She that was beauteous and sincere,
To man's last foe hath bowed ;
Each grace is now companion here
Only for worm and shroud.

She wakes not — ay, from that long sleep
When shall earth's tenant wake ?
Dreams of the sepulchre are deep, —
What shall those visions break ?
To that low cell of gloom and damp
Earth's tumults come not nigh :
She wakes not at the hurried tramp,
Nor at the battle-cry.

She wakes not till the trumpet's tongue
Stirs shuddering sea and earth,
When worlds on worlds, to ruin flung,
Shall heave as at their birth.
The heart that knew affection's power,
The speaking eye, now sealed,
Shall beat not, beam not, till that hour
In thunders is revealed.

She wakes not, early ills to brave
That bade her spirit bow ;
The tears she unto sorrow gave
Are gems of beauty now.
She wakes not — yea, she *hath* awoke !
Escaped from night below,
What floods of morn have on her broke,
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